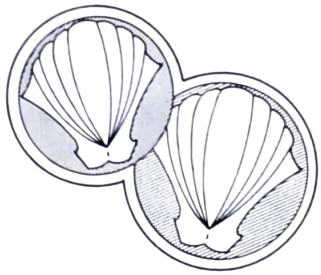
FISHWRAP PRESENTS-

THE FISH POLICE

9
JUL
$1.50
2.30 CANADA

Fish-Rapping



Admit it. You were skeptical, weren't you?

After waiting such an ungodly amount of time for **Fish Police** #8 to arrive, you figured ol' Steve is just Fat 'n Happy these days, and there's **no way** he's gonna get #9 out on time. Well, to be honest, I can't blame you for being cautiously pessimistic. But I promised I'd be back in sixty, and what's it been? Fifty-nine days? Fifty-seven?

Fat 'n Happy? Maybe. But I'm going to do my best to keep this book on time for the duration of the series.

Duration of the series?! Funny you should mention it....

A lot of my mail read something like this:

Dear Steve,
Huh?
Your fan,
Sidney

I think we can all understand Sidney's confusion. F.P. isn't the easiest book in the world to follow. And maybe, just maybe, it's written that way intentionally. (But never rule out the possibility that I haven't got the slightest ideas of what I'm doing.)

Although I haven't made this very clear, **Fish Police** is a limited series. It will run somewhere between 20 to 25 issues, depending on the amount of time I want to continue to be isolated from the rest of the human race. (Bet on 25.... you guys are **scary**!)

So stay with me, Sid. (Can I call you "Sid"?) **All** your questions will eventually be answered. We're gonna have such fun!

Then there's the rest of my mail:

Dear Steve,

Would you please send me a free sketch, sixteen autographed copies of **Fish Police** #1, (not the reprint) and come to my house and paint my living room?

Thanks,
Sidney's friend

A **free** sketch?! How rude!

More Bits and Some Pieces:

1. Last issue, in Stupid Fishwrap Contest #1, I told you the mystery figure was in issue six, when actually it was in issue seven. Boy is there caviar on my face!
2. Laura McGuigan makes the best damn barbeque sauce in the whole world, and she's not afraid to admit it!
3. I really tried to make this issue the best looking one yet; I poured my heart into every page. And along comes Mr. Get-Out-Of-My-Way-Cause-I'm-**Ken-Macklin.** Ken's got, oh, a spare minute or two, and knocks out one of the best looking **Fish Police** pieces, ever.
   I could learn to hate a guy like that.
4. In this issue, I was going to start re-capping what happened in previous issues, but it looks like I've run out of room. Maybe next issue I'll tell you what happened this issue.
   That sounds pretty silly, doesn't it? I mean, if you just read this issue now, then I won't have to tell you **next** issue what you just read **this** issue, will I?
   Maybe I haven't got all the bugs worked out of this "comic-thing" yet.

Steve →

Steve Moncuse
Creatist

Paul Nagy
Ledditor

Juanita Van Koppenhagen
Publisher

Carl Davidson
Business-Guy

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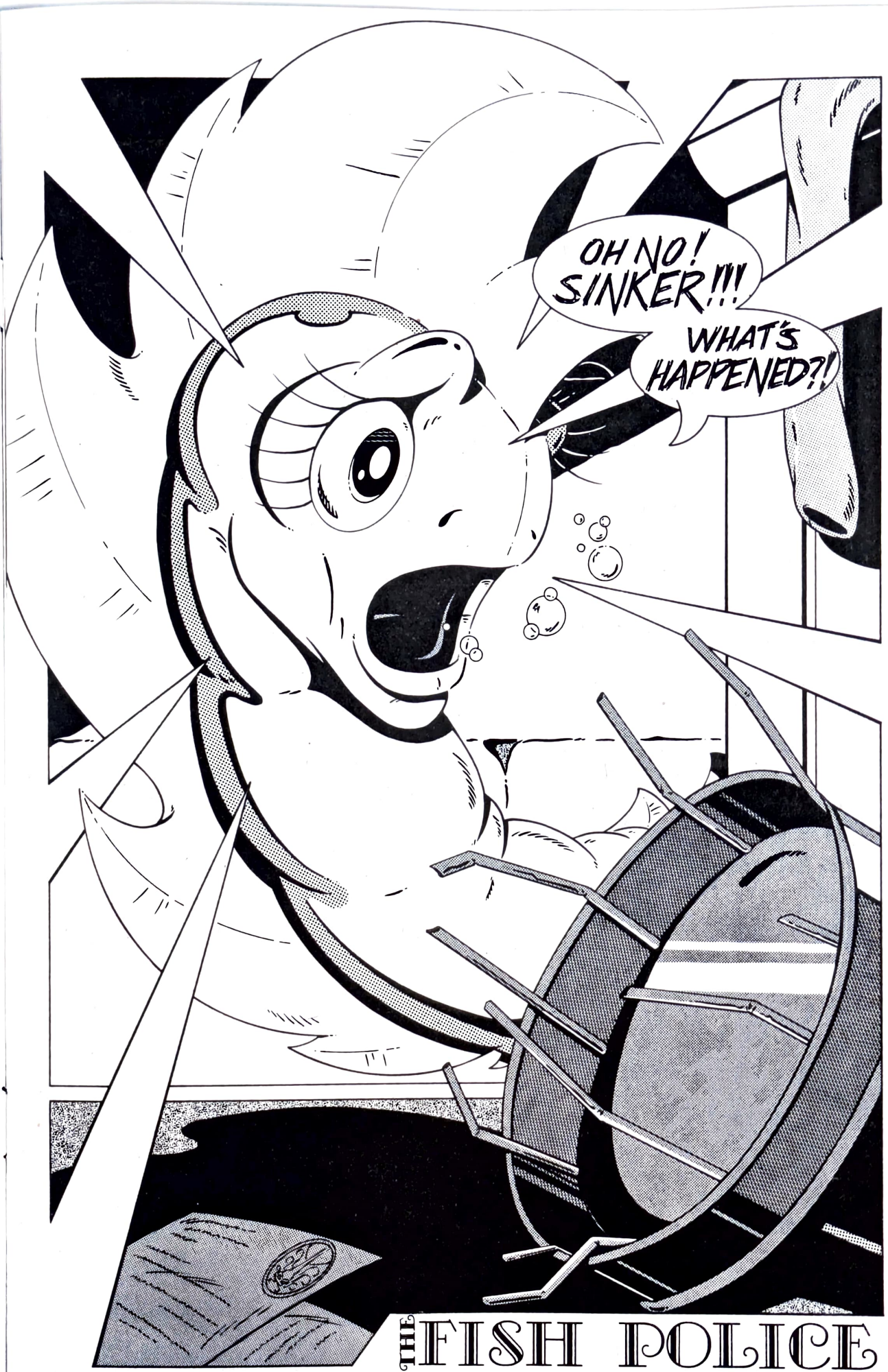
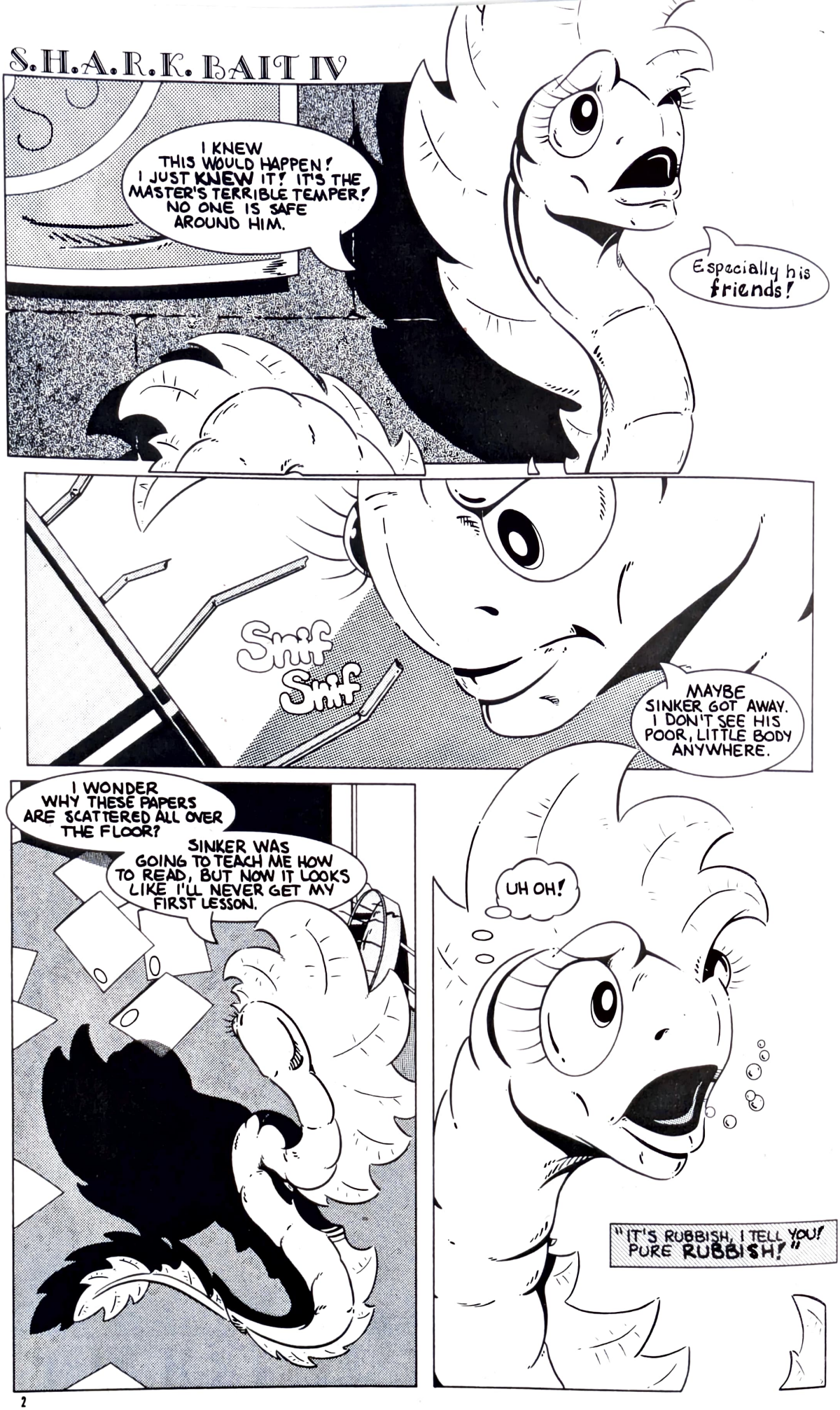
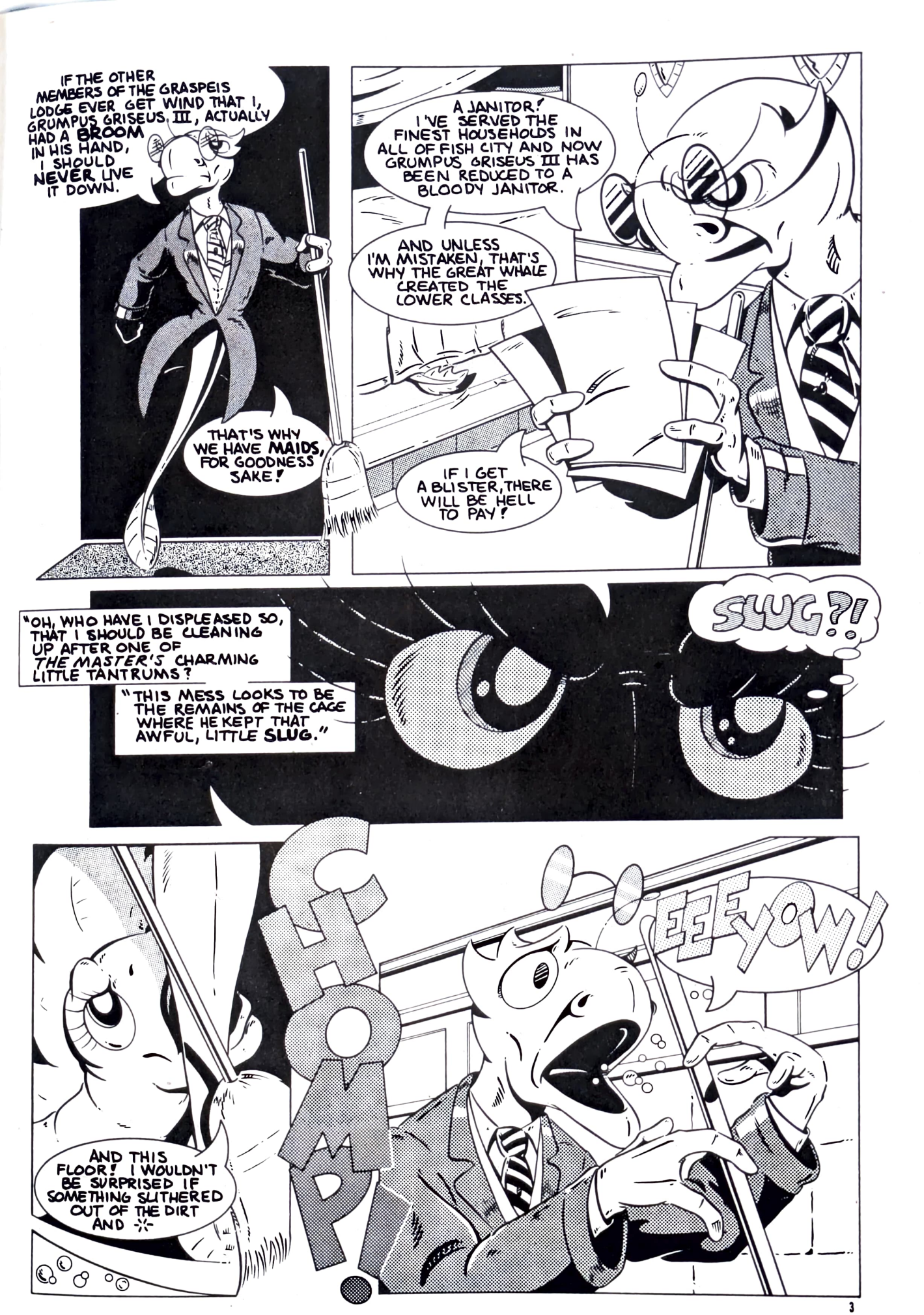
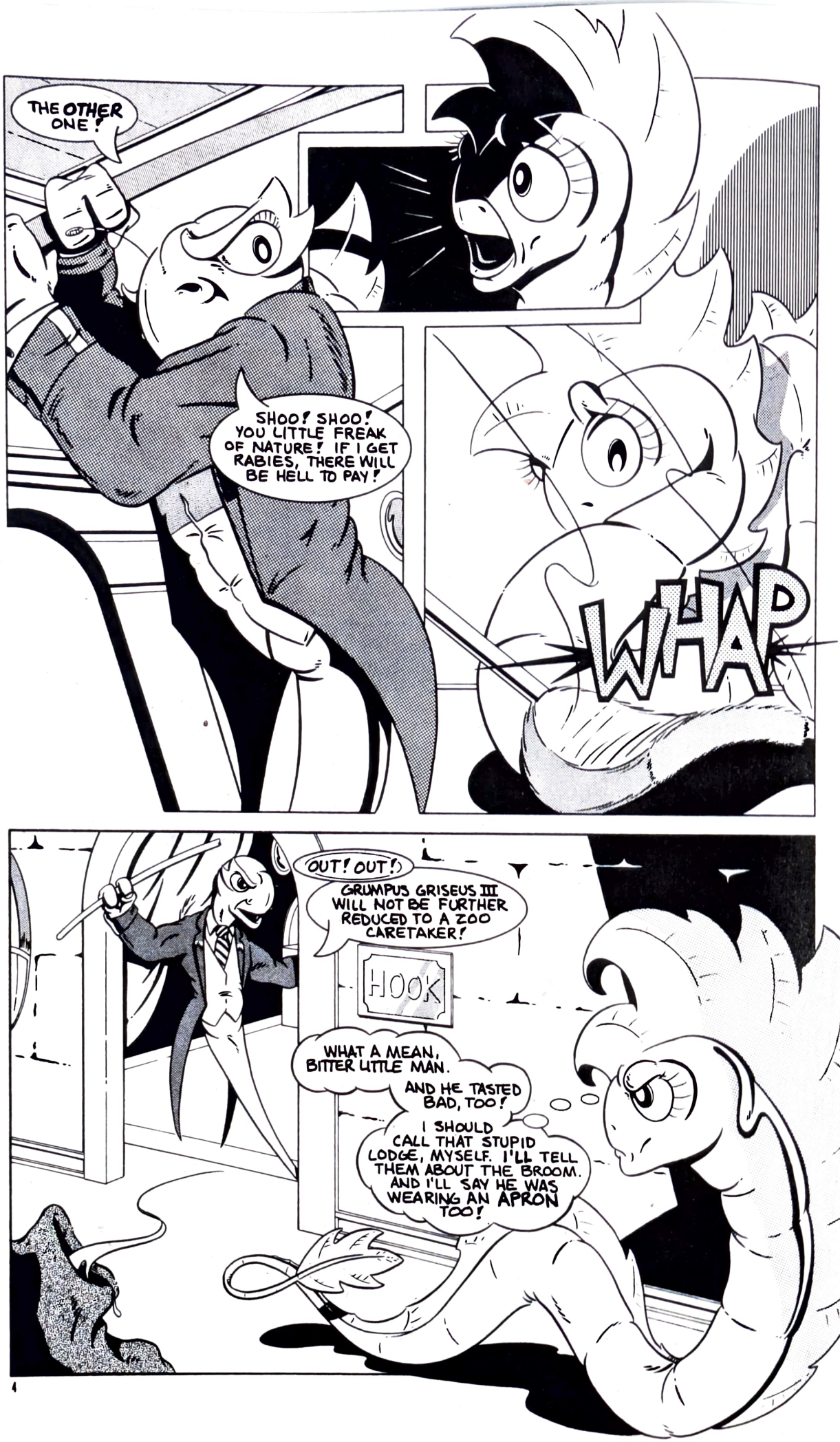


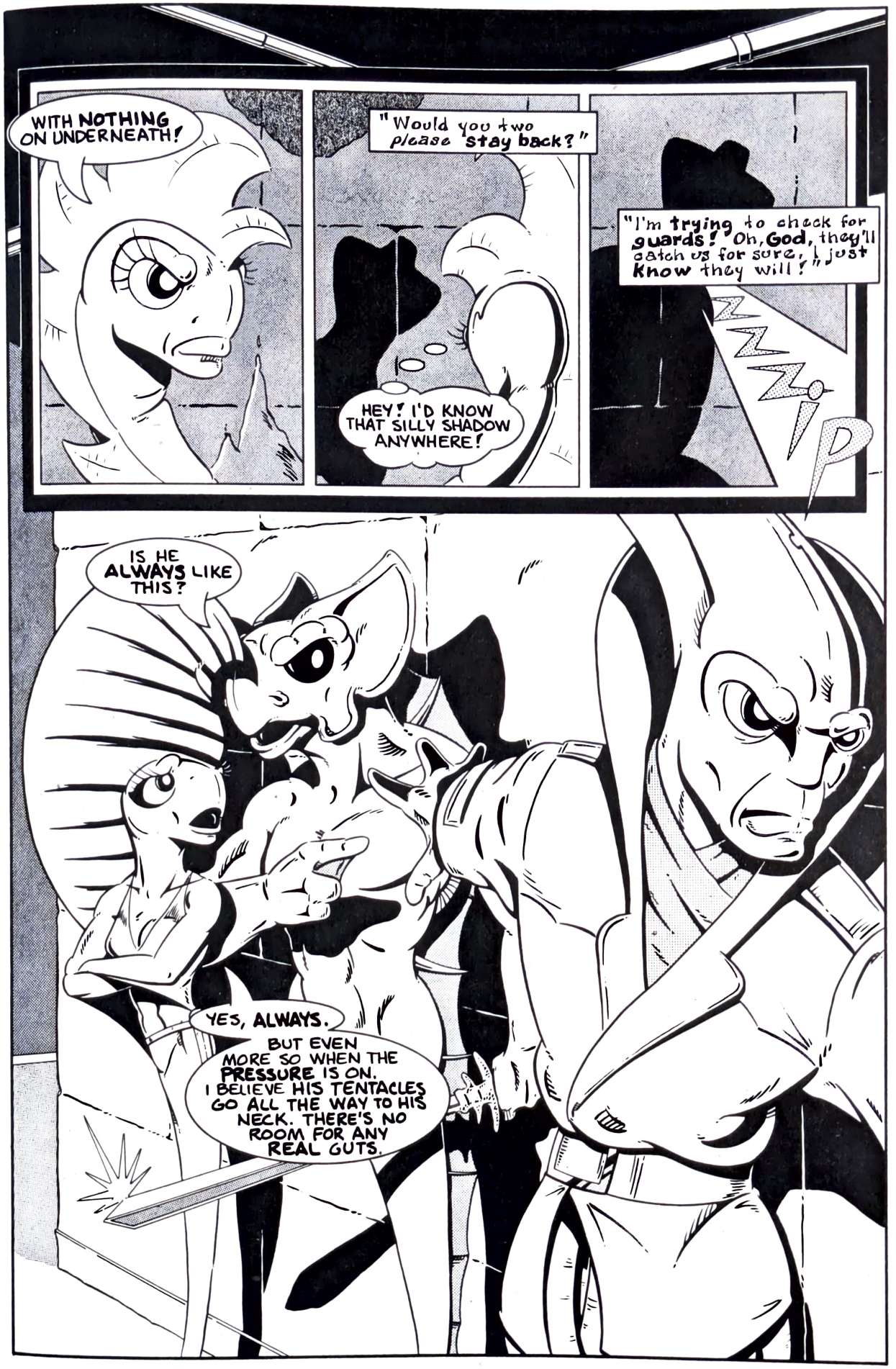
THE FISH POLICE

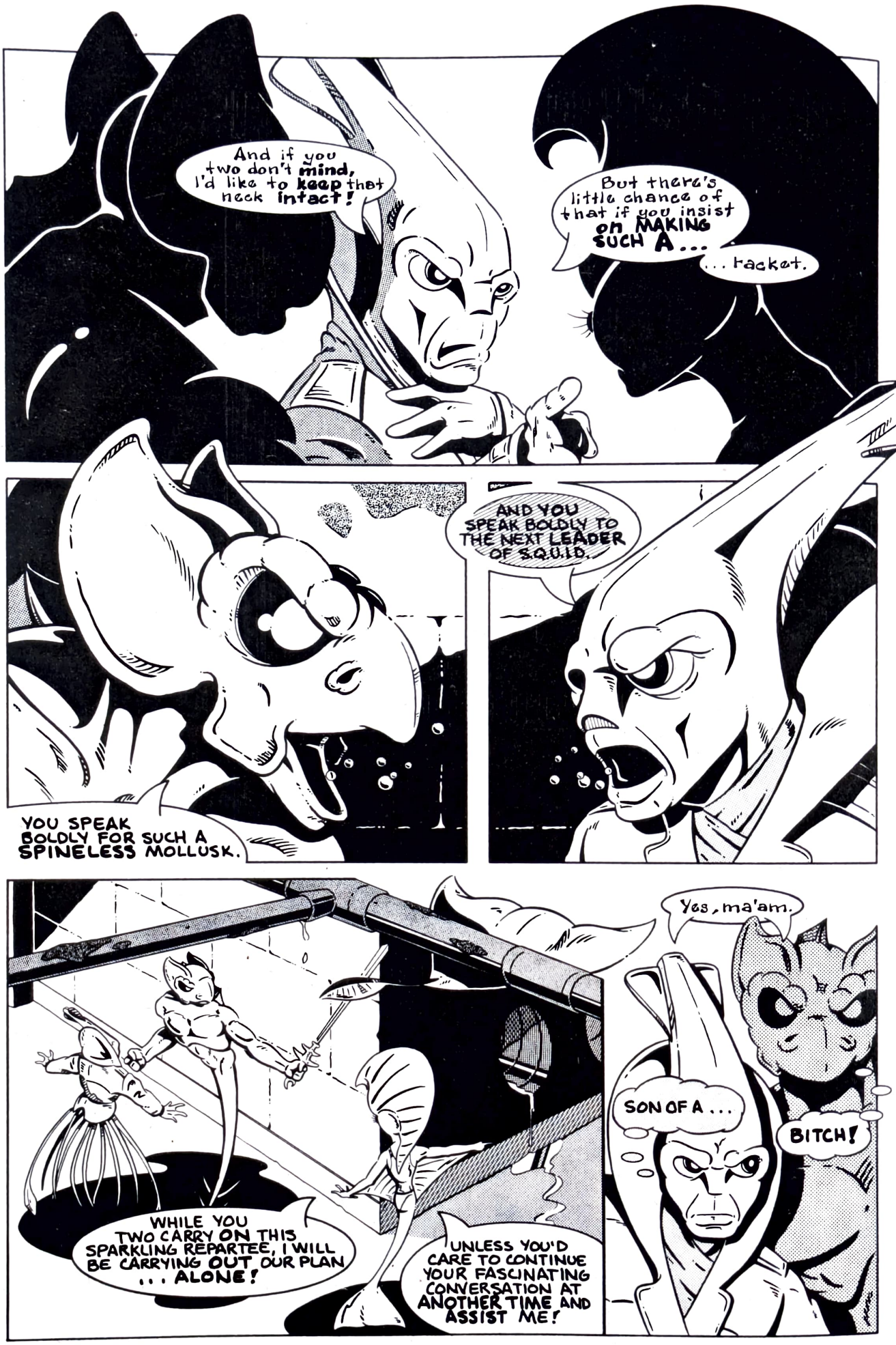
S.H.A.R.K. BAIT IV

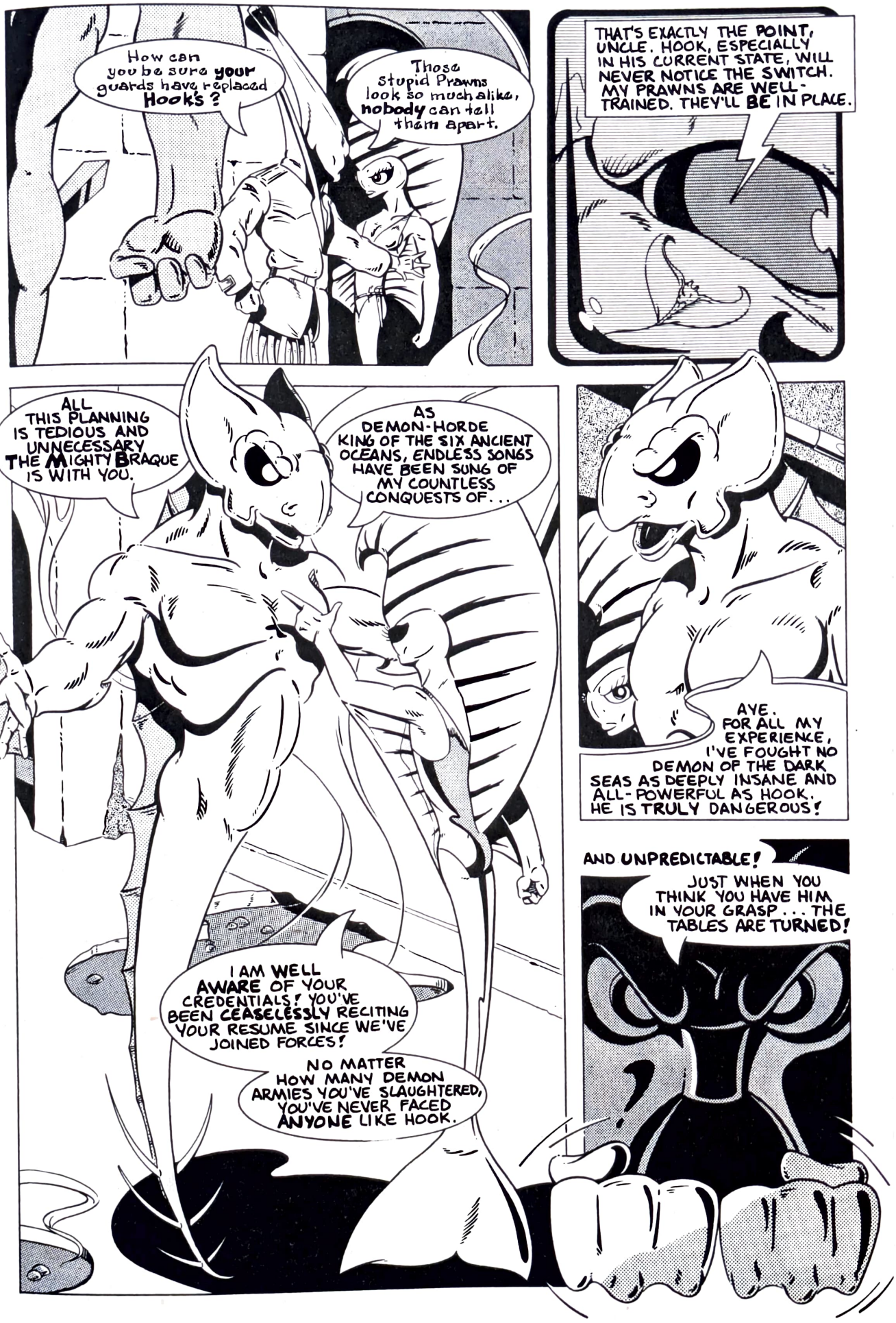

I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN! I JUST KNEW IT! IT'S THE MASTER'S TERRIBLE TEMPER! NO ONE IS SAFE AROUND HIM.
Especially his friends!
Snif Snif
MAYBE SINKER GOT AWAY. I DON'T SEE HIS POOR, LITTLE BODY ANYWHERE.
I WONDER WHY THESE PAPERS ARE SCATTERED ALL OVER THE FLOOR?
SINKER WAS GOING TO TEACH ME HOW TO READ, BUT NOW IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL NEVER GET MY FIRST LESSON.
UH OH!
"IT'S RUBBISH, I TELL YOU! PURE RUBBISH!"

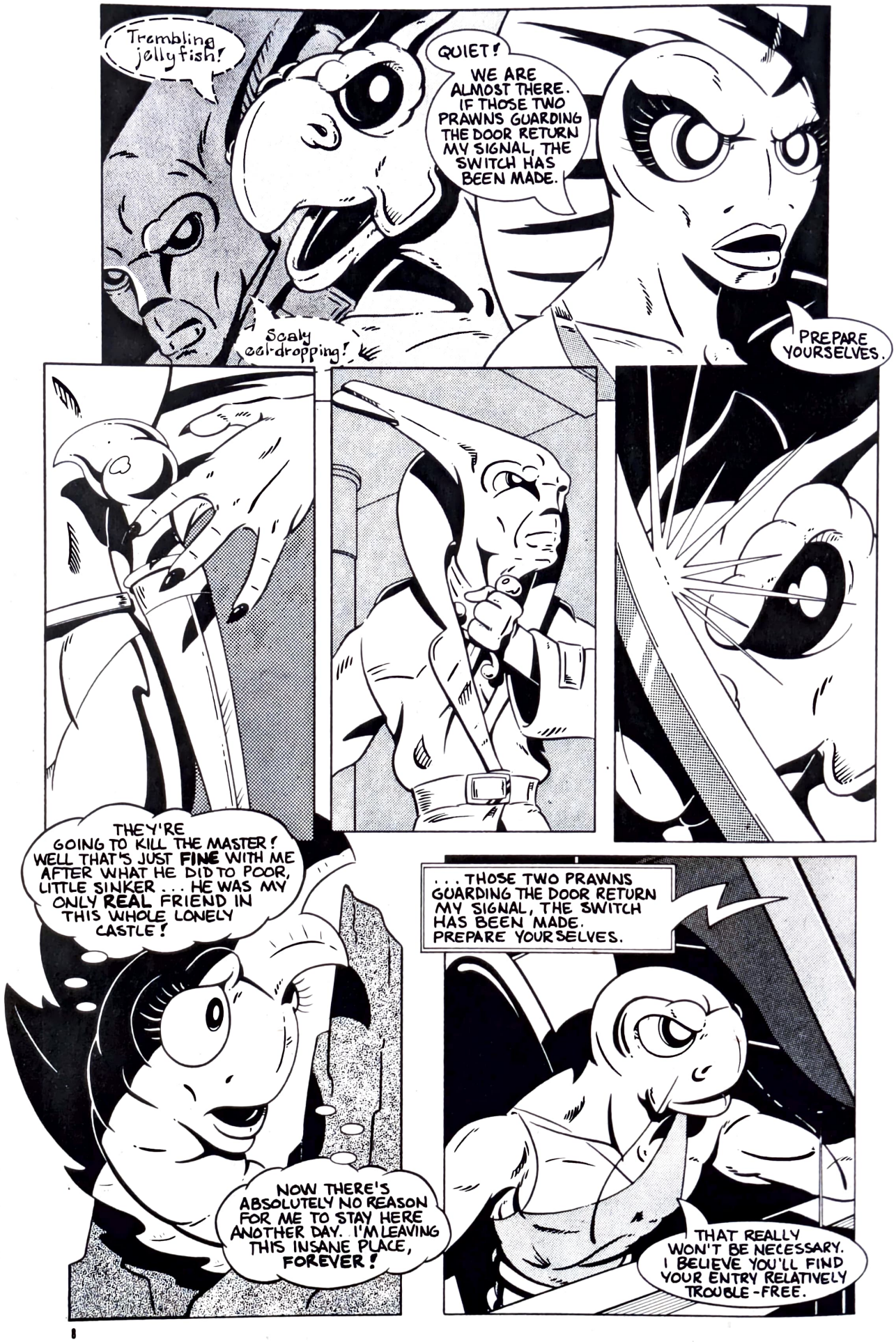

IF THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE GRASPEIS LODGE EVER GET WIND THAT I, GRUMPUS GRISEUS III, ACTUALLY HAD A BROOM IN HIS HAND, I SHOULD NEVER LIVE IT DOWN.
THAT'S WHY WE HAVE MAIDS, FOR GOODNESS SAKE!
A JANITOR! I'VE SERVED THE FINEST HOUSEHOLDS IN ALL OF FISH CITY AND NOW GRUMPUS GRISEUS III HAS BEEN REDUCED TO A BLOODY JANITOR.
AND UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, THAT'S WHY THE GREAT WHALE CREATED THE LOWER CLASSES.
IF I GET A BLISTER, THERE WILL BE HELL TO PAY!
"OH, WHO HAVE I DISPLEASED SO, THAT I SHOULD BE CLEANING UP AFTER ONE OF THE MASTER'S CHARMING LITTLE TANTRUMS?
"THIS MESS LOOKS TO BE THE REMAINS OF THE CAGE WHERE HE KEPT THAT AWFUL, LITTLE SLUG."
SLUG?!
AND THIS FLOOR! I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF SOMETHING SLITHERED OUT OF THE DIRT AND
HOAP!
EEEYOW!


THE OTHER ONE!
SHOO! SHOO! YOU LITTLE FREAK OF NATURE! IF I GET RABIES, THERE WILL BE HELL TO PAY!
WHAP
OUT! OUT!
GRUMPUS GRISEUS III WILL NOT BE FURTHER REDUCED TO A ZOO CARETAKER!
HOOK
WHAT A MEAN, BITTER LITTLE MAN.
AND HE TASTED BAD, TOO!
I SHOULD CALL THAT STUPID LODGE, MYSELF. I'LL TELL THEM ABOUT THE BROOM. AND I'LL SAY HE WAS WEARING AN APRON TOO!

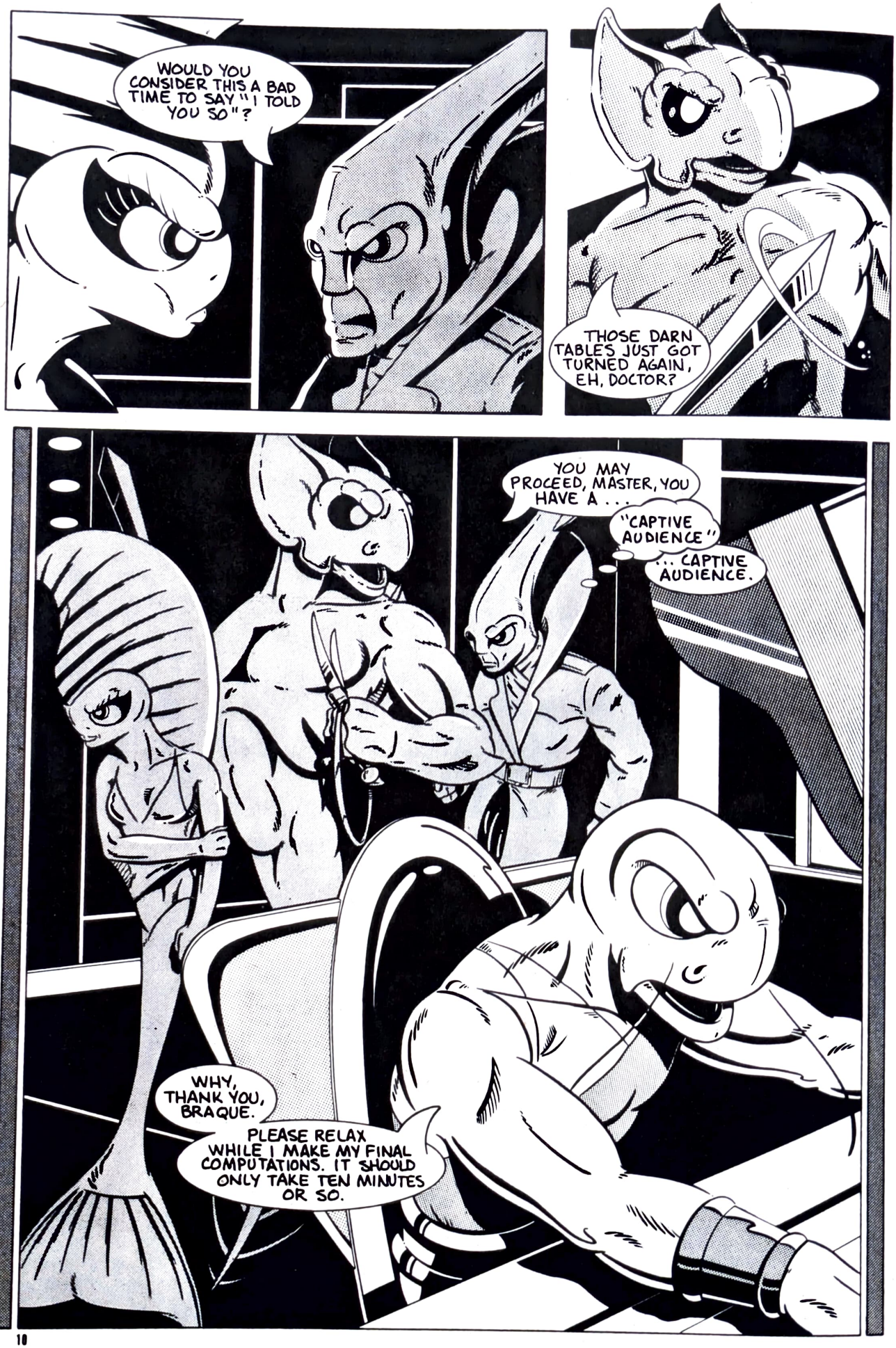

WITH NOTHING ON UNDERNEATH!
"Would you two please stay back?"
HEY! I'D KNOW THAT SILLY SHADOW ANYWHERE!
"I'm trying to check for guards! Oh, God, they'll catch us for sure, I just know they will!"
ZZZIP
IS HE ALWAYS LIKE THIS?
YES, ALWAYS.
BUT EVEN MORE SO WHEN THE PRESSURE IS ON. I BELIEVE HIS TENTACLES GO ALL THE WAY TO HIS NECK. THERE'S NO ROOM FOR ANY REAL GUTS.

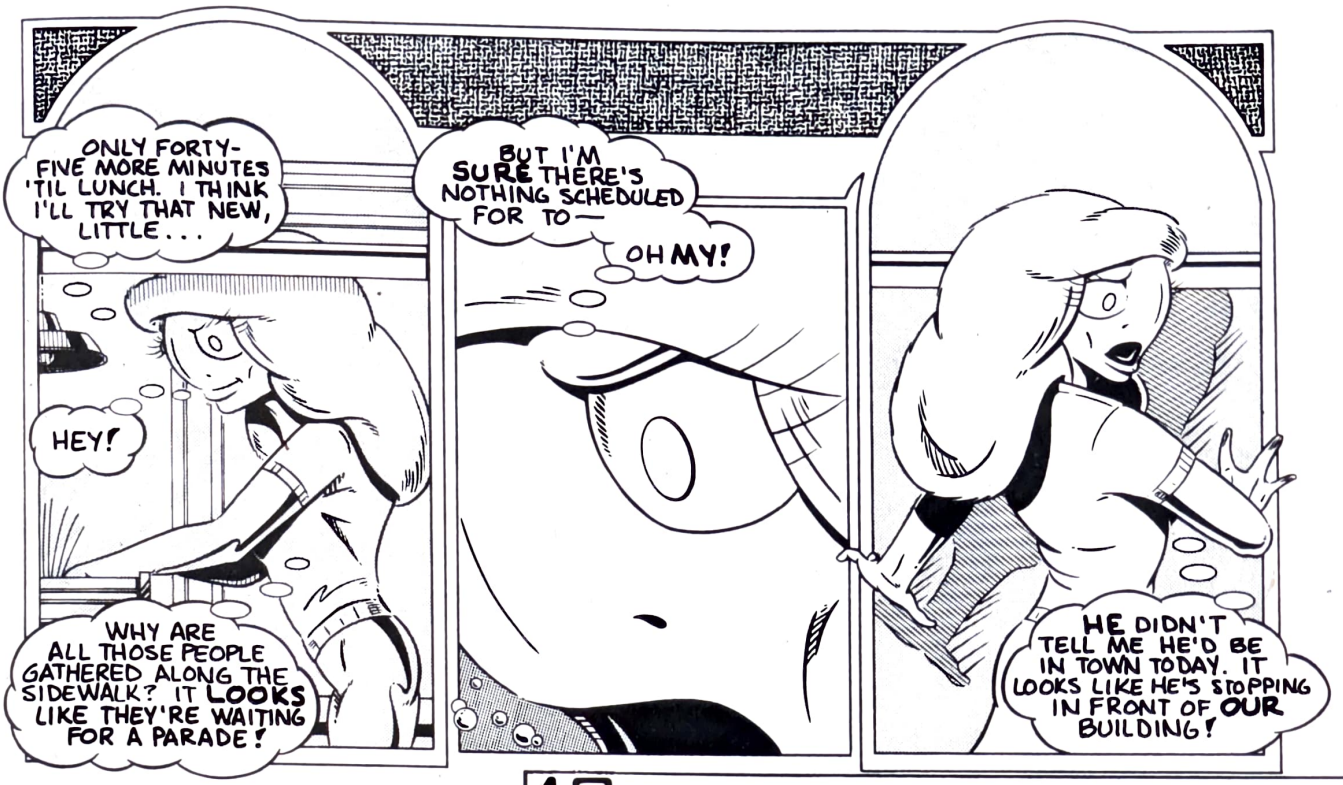

And if you two don't mind, I'd like to keep that neck intact!
But there's little chance of that if you insist on MAKING SUCH A...
...racket.
YOU SPEAK BOLDLY FOR SUCH A SPINELESS MOLLUSK.
AND YOU SPEAK BOLDLY TO THE NEXT LEADER OF S.Q.U.I.D.
WHILE YOU TWO CARRY ON THIS SPARKLING REPARTEE, I WILL BE CARRYING OUT OUR PLAN ... ALONE!
UNLESS YOU'D CARE TO CONTINUE YOUR FASCINATING CONVERSATION AT ANOTHER TIME AND ASSIST ME!
Yes, ma'am.
SON OF A...
BITCH!


How can you be sure your guards have replaced Hook's?
Those stupid Prawns look so much alike, nobody can tell them apart.
THAT'S EXACTLY THE POINT, UNCLE. HOOK, ESPECIALLY IN HIS CURRENT STATE, WILL NEVER NOTICE THE SWITCH. MY PRAWNS ARE WELL-TRAINED. THEY'LL BE IN PLACE.
ALL THIS PLANNING IS TEDIOUS AND UNNECESSARY THE MIGHTY BRAQUE IS WITH YOU.
AS DEMON-HORDE KING OF THE SIX ANCIENT OCEANS, ENDLESS SONGS HAVE BEEN SUNG OF MY COUNTLESS CONQUESTS OF...
AYE. FOR ALL MY EXPERIENCE, I'VE FOUGHT NO DEMON OF THE DARK SEAS AS DEEPLY INSANE AND ALL-POWERFUL AS HOOK. HE IS TRULY DANGEROUS!
I AM WELL AWARE OF YOUR CREDENTIALS! YOU'VE BEEN CEASELESSLY RECITING YOUR RESUME SINCE WE'VE JOINED FORCES!
NO MATTER HOW MANY DEMON ARMIES YOU'VE SLAUGHTERED, YOU'VE NEVER FACED ANYONE LIKE HOOK.
AND UNPREDICTABLE!
JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU HAVE HIM IN YOUR GRASP... THE TABLES ARE TURNED!


Trembling jellyfish!
QUIET! WE ARE ALMOST THERE. IF THOSE TWO PRAWNS GUARDING THE DOOR RETURN MY SIGNAL, THE SWITCH HAS BEEN MADE.
Scaly eel-dropping!
PREPARE YOURSELVES.
THEY'RE GOING TO KILL THE MASTER! WELL THAT'S JUST FINE WITH ME AFTER WHAT HE DID TO POOR, LITTLE SINKER . . . HE WAS MY ONLY REAL FRIEND IN THIS WHOLE LONELY CASTLE!
NOW THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO REASON FOR ME TO STAY HERE ANOTHER DAY. I'M LEAVING THIS INSANE PLACE, FOREVER!
. . . THOSE TWO PRAWNS GUARDING THE DOOR RETURN MY SIGNAL, THE SWITCH HAS BEEN MADE. PREPARE YOURSELVES.
THAT REALLY WON'T BE NECESSARY. I BELIEVE YOU'LL FIND YOUR ENTRY RELATIVELY TROUBLE-FREE.

HOLD YOUR POSITION, MONSTER! YOUR REIGN OF TERROR IS AT AN END!
WE ARE HERE TO-
YOU ARE HERE BECAUSE I'VE ASKED BRAQUE TO BRING YOU HERE.
I KNEW IT! WE'RE GOING TO DIE!
I'M ABOUT TO MAKE MY GRANDSTAND PLAY. MONTHS OF PAINSTAKING LABOR WILL SOON PAY OFF, AND I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A SHAME IF THERE WAS NO ONE HERE TO SHARE IN MY GLORY.
BRAQUE, PLEASE MAKE OUR GUESTS MORE COMFORTABLE AND RELIEVE THEM OF THEIR WEAPONS.
UNLESS, OF COURSE, THEY THINK THE TWO OF THEM CAN OVERPOWER THE TWO OF US.

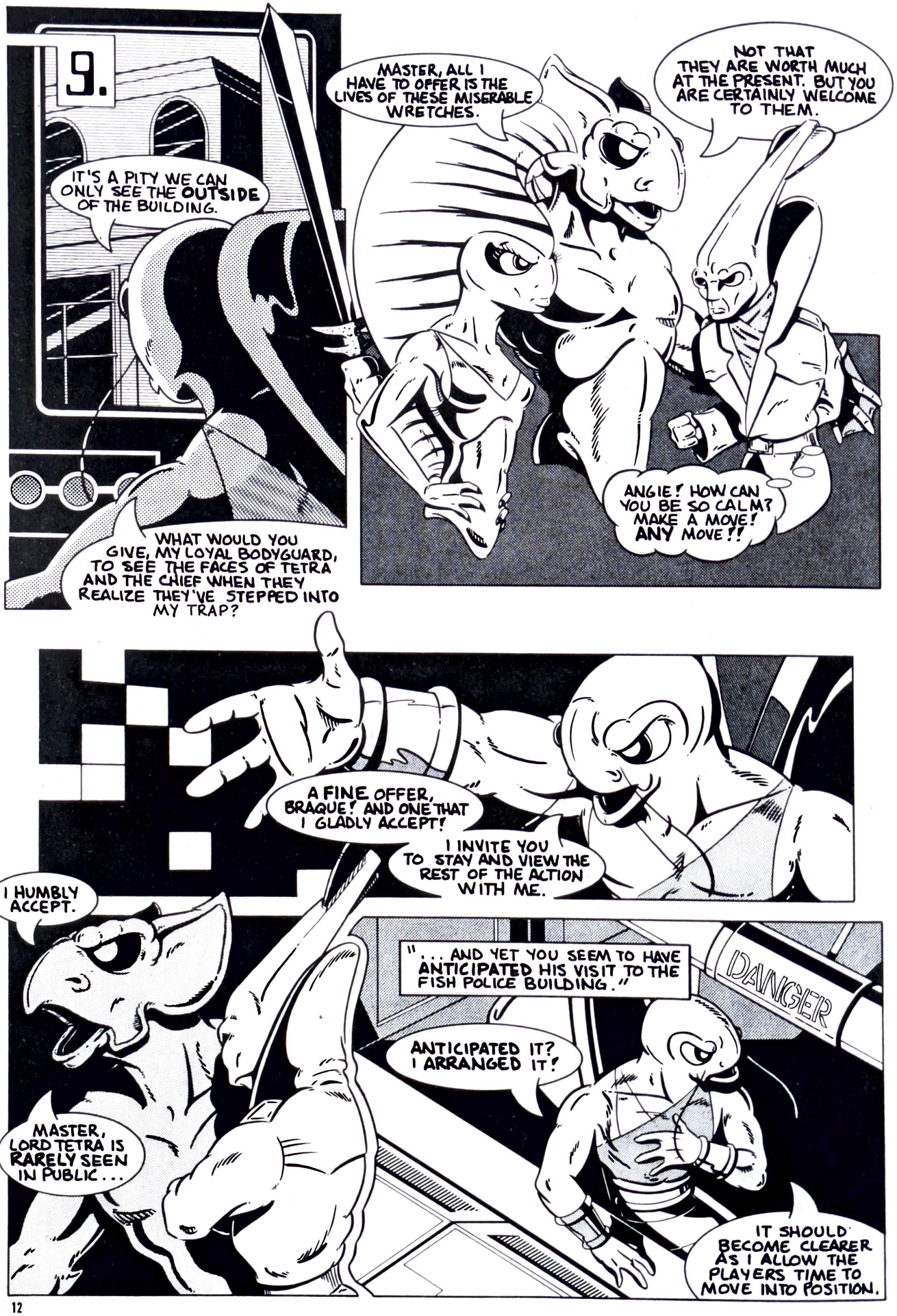

WOULD YOU CONSIDER THIS A BAD TIME TO SAY "I TOLD YOU SO"?
THOSE DARN TABLES JUST GOT TURNED AGAIN, EH, DOCTOR?
YOU MAY PROCEED, MASTER, YOU HAVE A . . .
"CAPTIVE AUDIENCE"
. . . CAPTIVE AUDIENCE.
WHY, THANK YOU, BRAQUE.
PLEASE RELAX WHILE I MAKE MY FINAL COMPUTATIONS. IT SHOULD ONLY TAKE TEN MINUTES OR SO.

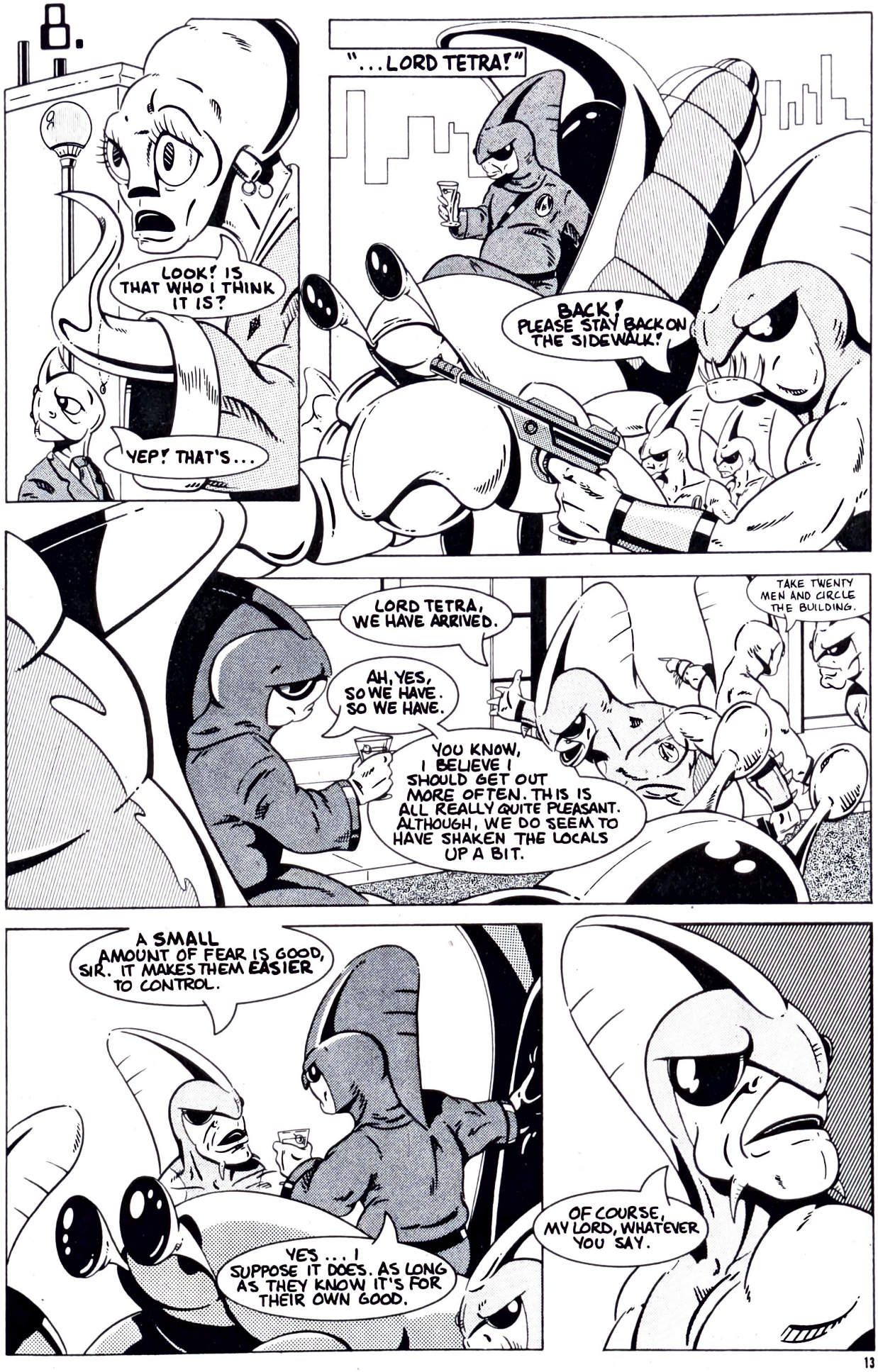

ONLY FORTY-FIVE MORE MINUTES 'TIL LUNCH. I THINK I'LL TRY THAT NEW, LITTLE...
HEY!
WHY ARE ALL THOSE PEOPLE GATHERED ALONG THE SIDEWALK? IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE WAITING FOR A PARADE!
BUT I'M SURE THERE'S NOTHING SCHEDULED FOR TO—
OH MY!
HE DIDN'T TELL ME HE'D BE IN TOWN TODAY. IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S STOPPING IN FRONT OF OUR BUILDING!

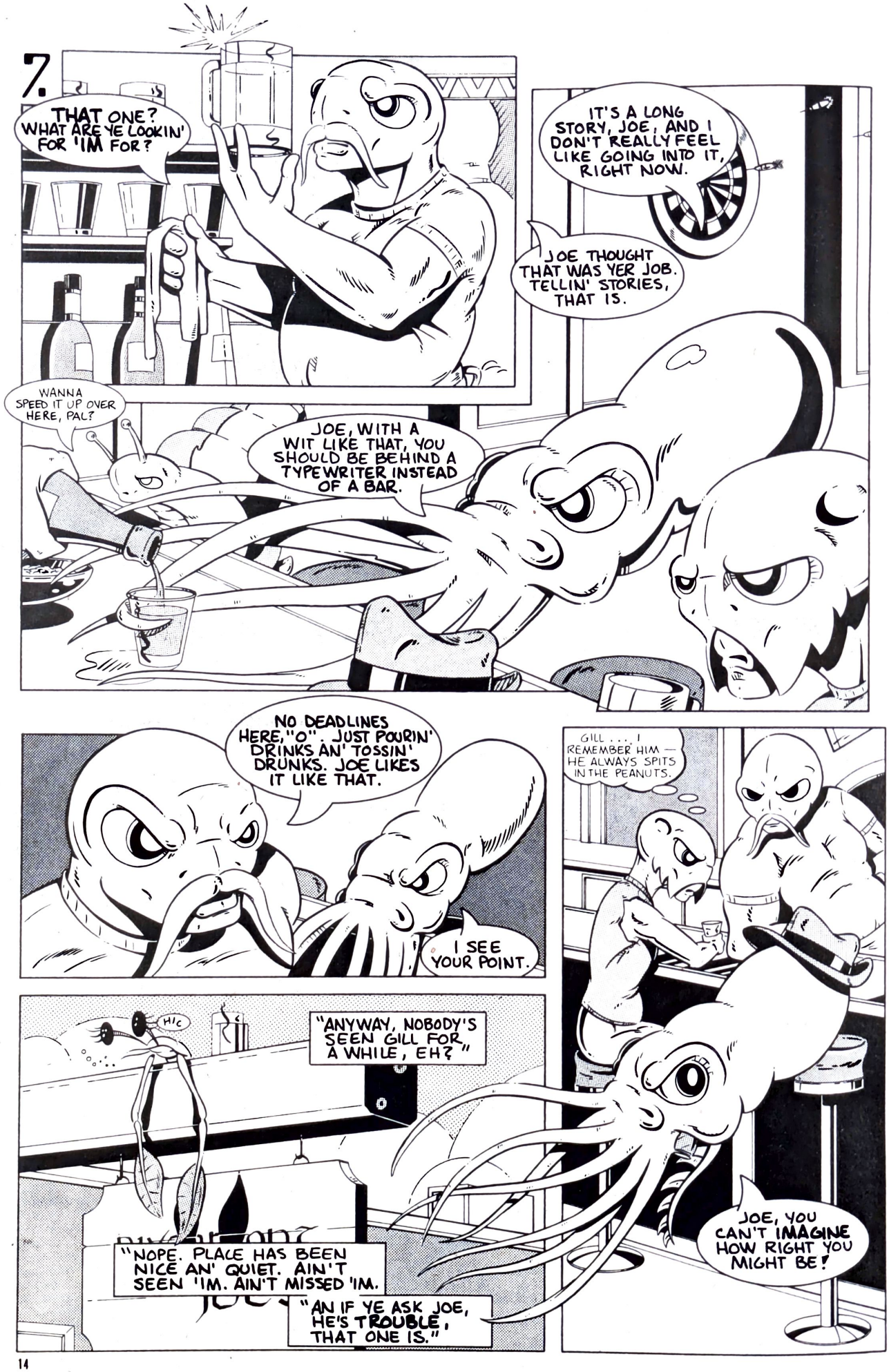
10.

CHIEF! CHIEF! YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT'S GOING ON OUTSIDE!
HAS LORD TETRA ARRIVED?
YOU KNEW HE WAS COMING?
HE PHONED ME EARLY THIS MORNING AND SAID HE NEEDED TO SPEAK TO ME. CONFIDENTIALLY.

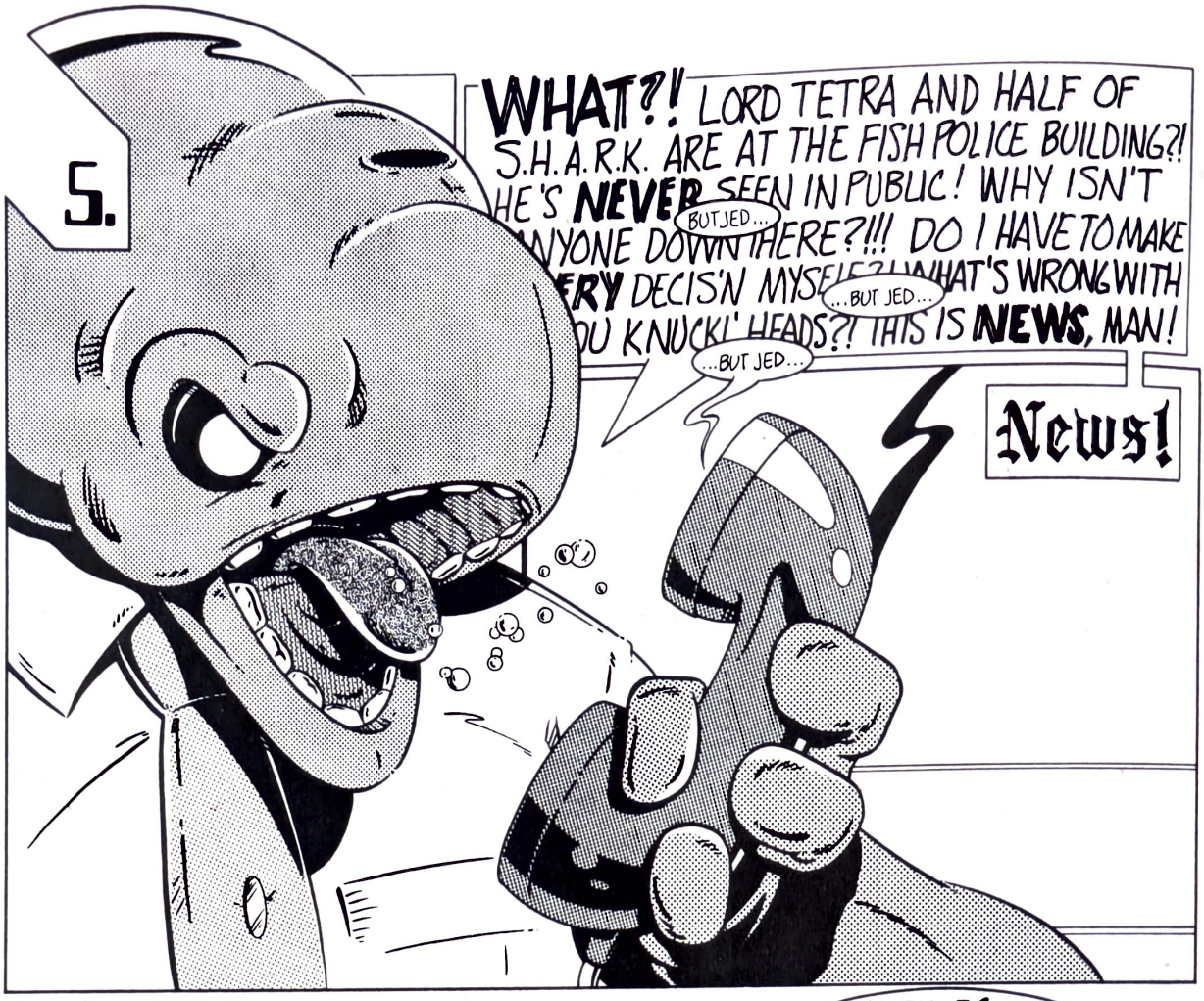
"DID HE SAY WHY?"
IT SEEMS THAT I MAY BE NEXT ON THE S.Q.U.I.D. HIT-LIST.

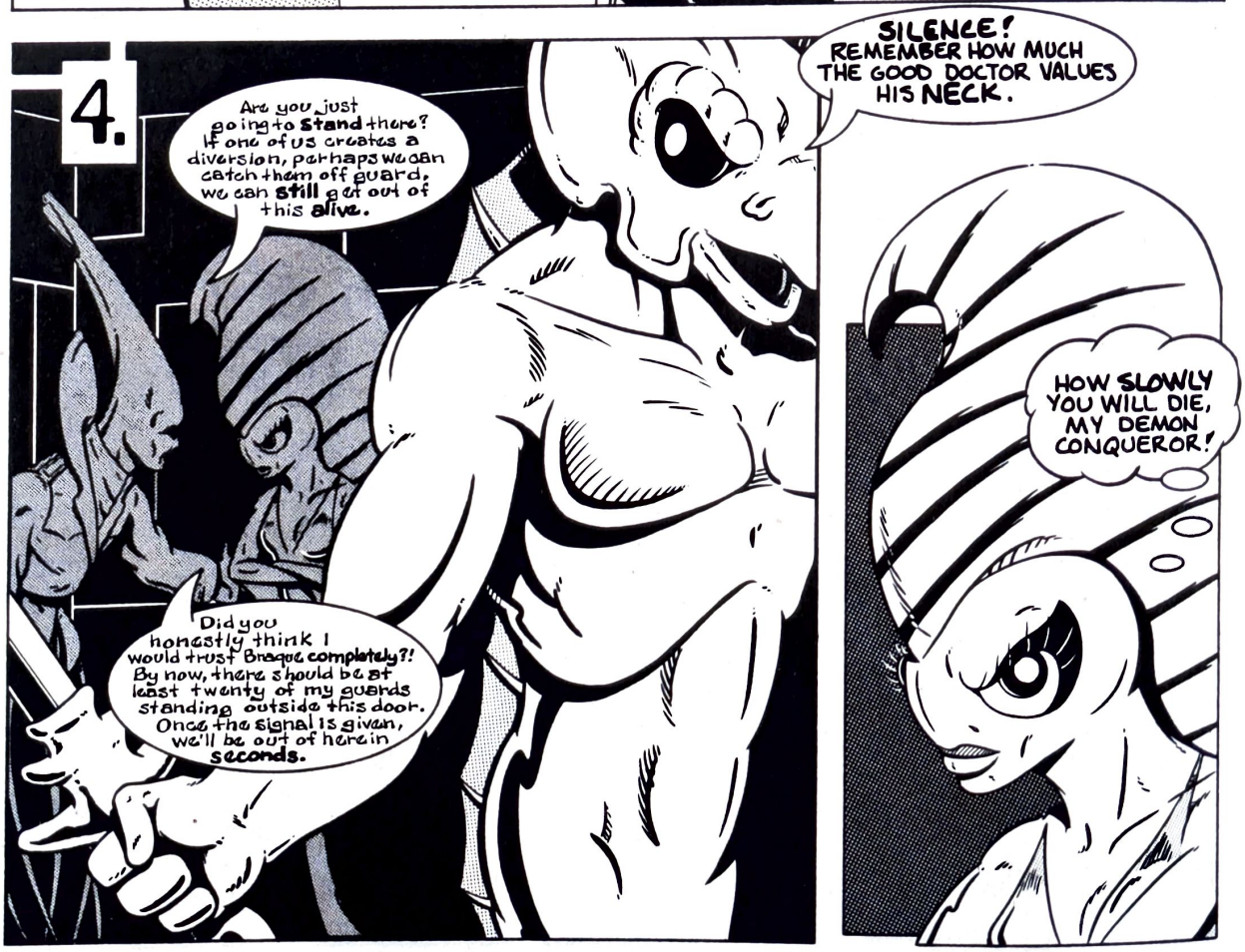

9.
IT'S A PITY WE CAN ONLY SEE THE OUTSIDE OF THE BUILDING.
WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE, MY LOYAL BODYGUARD, TO SEE THE FACES OF TETRA AND THE CHIEF WHEN THEY REALIZE THEY'VE STEPPED INTO MY TRAP?
MASTER, ALL I HAVE TO OFFER IS THE LIVES OF THESE MISERABLE WRETCHES.
NOT THAT THEY ARE WORTH MUCH AT THE PRESENT. BUT YOU ARE CERTAINLY WELCOME TO THEM.
ANGIE! HOW CAN YOU BE SO CALM? MAKE A MOVE! ANY MOVE!!
A FINE OFFER, BRAQUE! AND ONE THAT I GLADLY ACCEPT!
I INVITE YOU TO STAY AND VIEW THE REST OF THE ACTION WITH ME.
I HUMBLY ACCEPT.
MASTER, LORD TETRA IS RARELY SEEN IN PUBLIC...
"...AND YET YOU SEEM TO HAVE ANTICIPATED HIS VISIT TO THE FISH POLICE BUILDING."
DANGER
ANTICIPATED IT? I ARRANGED IT!
IT SHOULD BECOME CLEARER AS I ALLOW THE PLAYERS TIME TO MOVE INTO POSITION.


8.
LOOK! IS THAT WHO I THINK IT IS?
YEP! THAT'S...
"...LORD TETRA!"
BACK! PLEASE STAY BACK ON THE SIDEWALK!
LORD TETRA, WE HAVE ARRIVED.
AH, YES, SO WE HAVE. SO WE HAVE.
YOU KNOW, I BELIEVE I SHOULD GET OUT MORE OFTEN. THIS IS ALL REALLY QUITE PLEASANT. ALTHOUGH, WE DO SEEM TO HAVE SHAKEN THE LOCALS UP A BIT.
TAKE TWENTY MEN AND CIRCLE THE BUILDING.
A SMALL AMOUNT OF FEAR IS GOOD, SIR. IT MAKES THEM EASIER TO CONTROL.
YES... I SUPPOSE IT DOES. AS LONG AS THEY KNOW IT'S FOR THEIR OWN GOOD.
OF COURSE, MY LORD, WHATEVER YOU SAY.

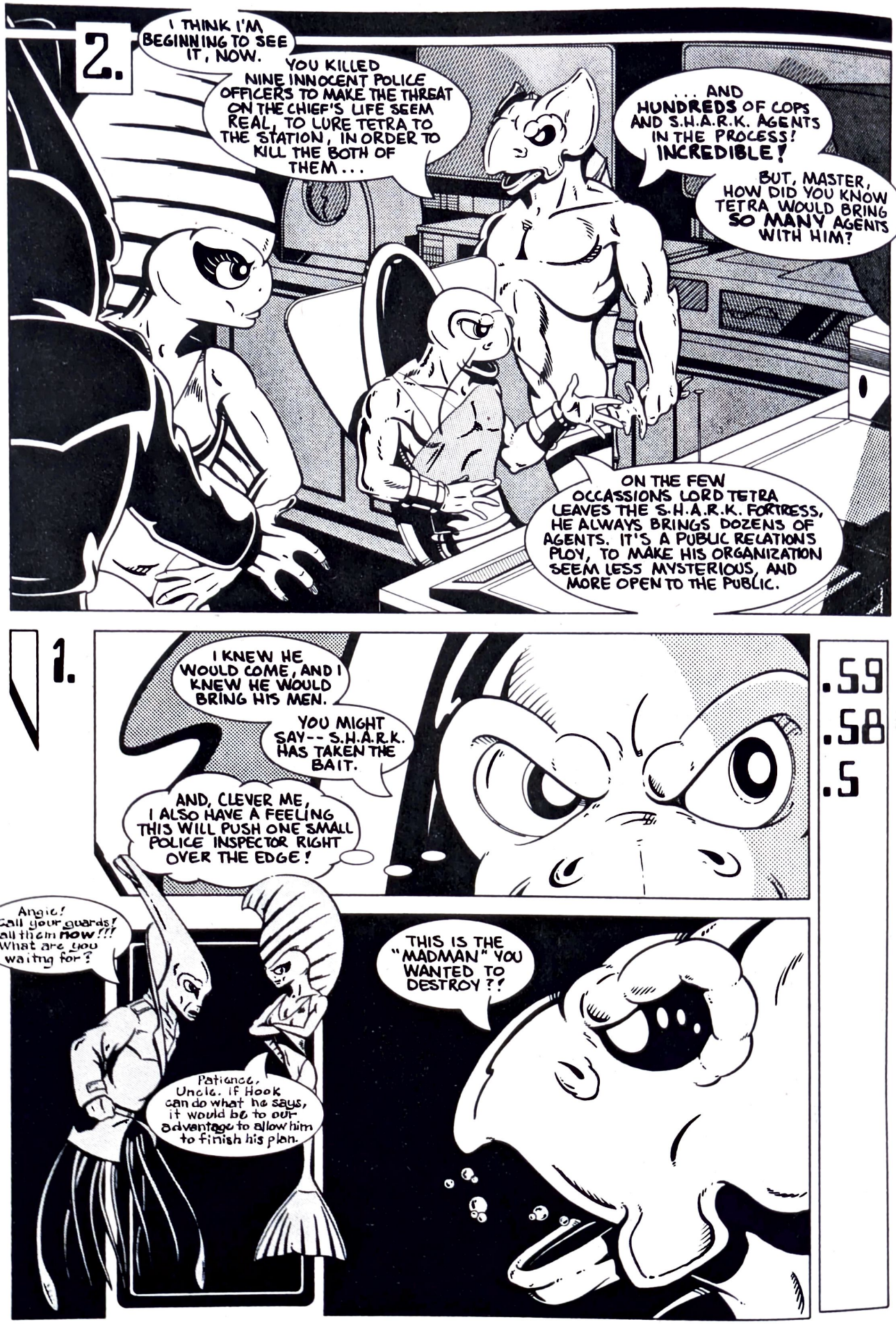

7.
THAT ONE? WHAT ARE YE LOOKIN' FOR 'IM FOR?
IT'S A LONG STORY, JOE, AND I DON'T REALLY FEEL LIKE GOING INTO IT, RIGHT NOW.
JOE THOUGHT THAT WAS YER JOB. TELLIN' STORIES, THAT IS.
WANNA SPEED IT UP OVER HERE, PAL?
JOE, WITH A WIT LIKE THAT, YOU SHOULD BE BEHIND A TYPEWRITER INSTEAD OF A BAR.
NO DEADLINES HERE, "O". JUST POURIN' DRINKS AN' TOSSIN' DRUNKS. JOE LIKES IT LIKE THAT.
I SEE YOUR POINT.
GILL . . . I REMEMBER HIM — HE ALWAYS SPITS IN THE PEANUTS.
HIC
"ANYWAY, NOBODY'S SEEN GILL FOR A WHILE, EH?"
"NOPE. PLACE HAS BEEN NICE AN' QUIET. AIN'T SEEN 'IM. AIN'T MISSED 'IM.
"AN IF YE ASK JOE, HE'S TROUBLE, THAT ONE IS."
JOE, YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW RIGHT YOU MIGHT BE!

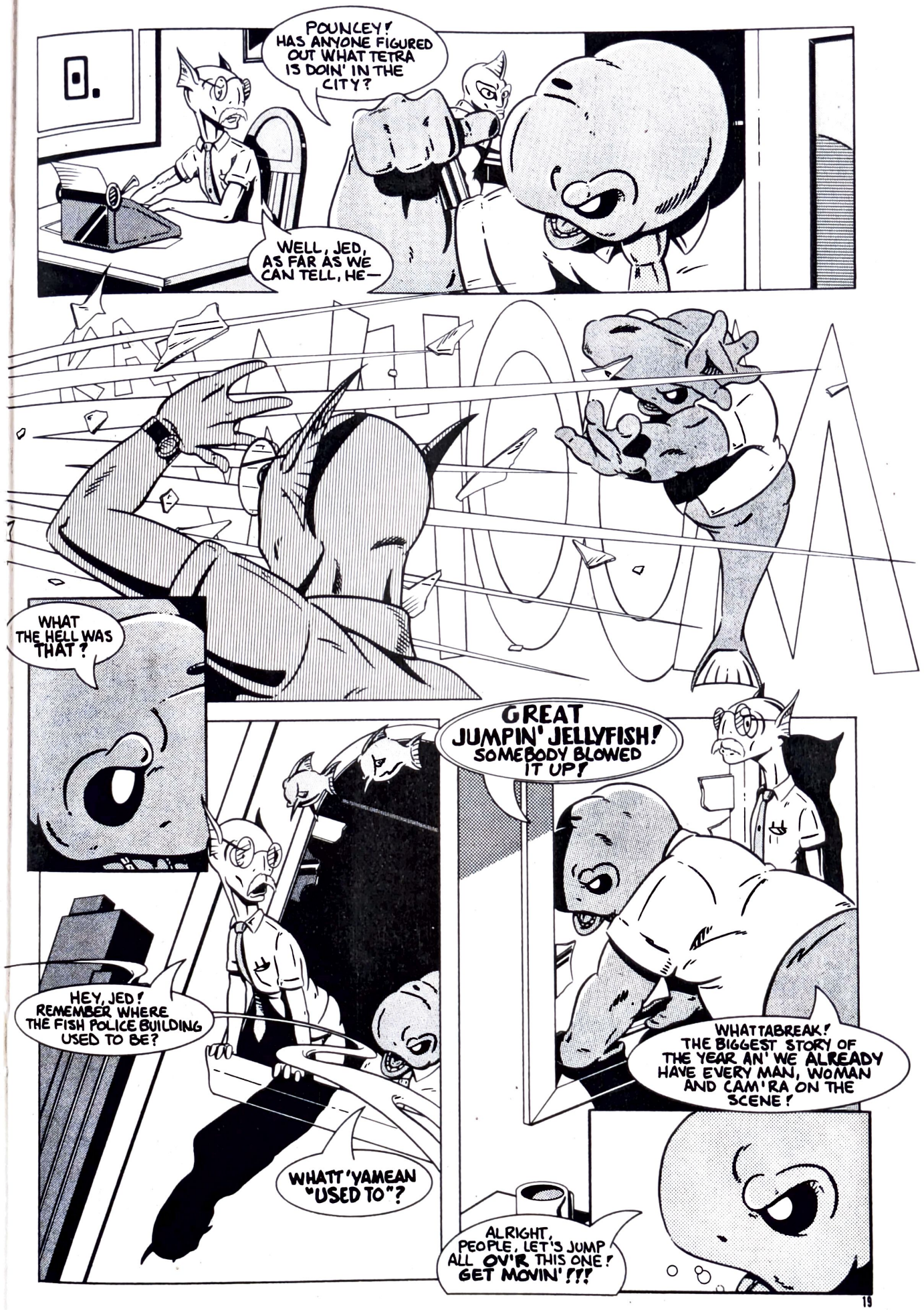
6.
"LORD TETRA, I APPRECIATE YOU LEAVING YOUR MEN OUTSIDE. THOSE GUYS GIVE ME THE CREEPS!"
"TO BE HONEST, THAT IS THE PURPOSE OF THEIR COSTUMES. BUT THIS CONVERSATION IS JUST BETWEEN YOU AND I.
"JUST RECENTLY, YOU ORDERED ONE OF YOUR OWN MEN AWAY FROM THE STATION FOR HIS OWN PROTECTION, AND NOW YOU WON'T TAKE THE SAME PRECAUTION FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY."
LOOK, THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GIVING ONE OF THE MEN A VACATION, AND A STATION ACTUALLY LOSING ITS CHIEF. IF WE LET S.Q.U.I.D. KNOW IT CAN FRIGHTEN ME AWAY, THEN IT'S ALL OVER. WHAT GOOD IS A LEADER IF HE'S TOO FRIGHTENED TO LEAD? I'VE GOT TO STAND UP TO THOSE BASTARDS!
THAT IS EXACTLY HOW I WOULD HAVE RESPONDED. NONETHELESS, YOU ARE IN GREAT DANGER.
WE BELIEVE WE KNOW WHEN AND HOW S.Q.U.I.D. WILL STRIKE NEXT. WILL YOU AT LEAST LISTEN TO OUR PLAN?
YOU'VE COME ALL THIS WAY. IT WOULD BE... INCONSIDERATE NOT TO HEAR YOU OUT, WOULDN'T IT?
YES, IT WOULD BE. AND PERHAPS, JUST A LITTLE...
...FOOLISH.

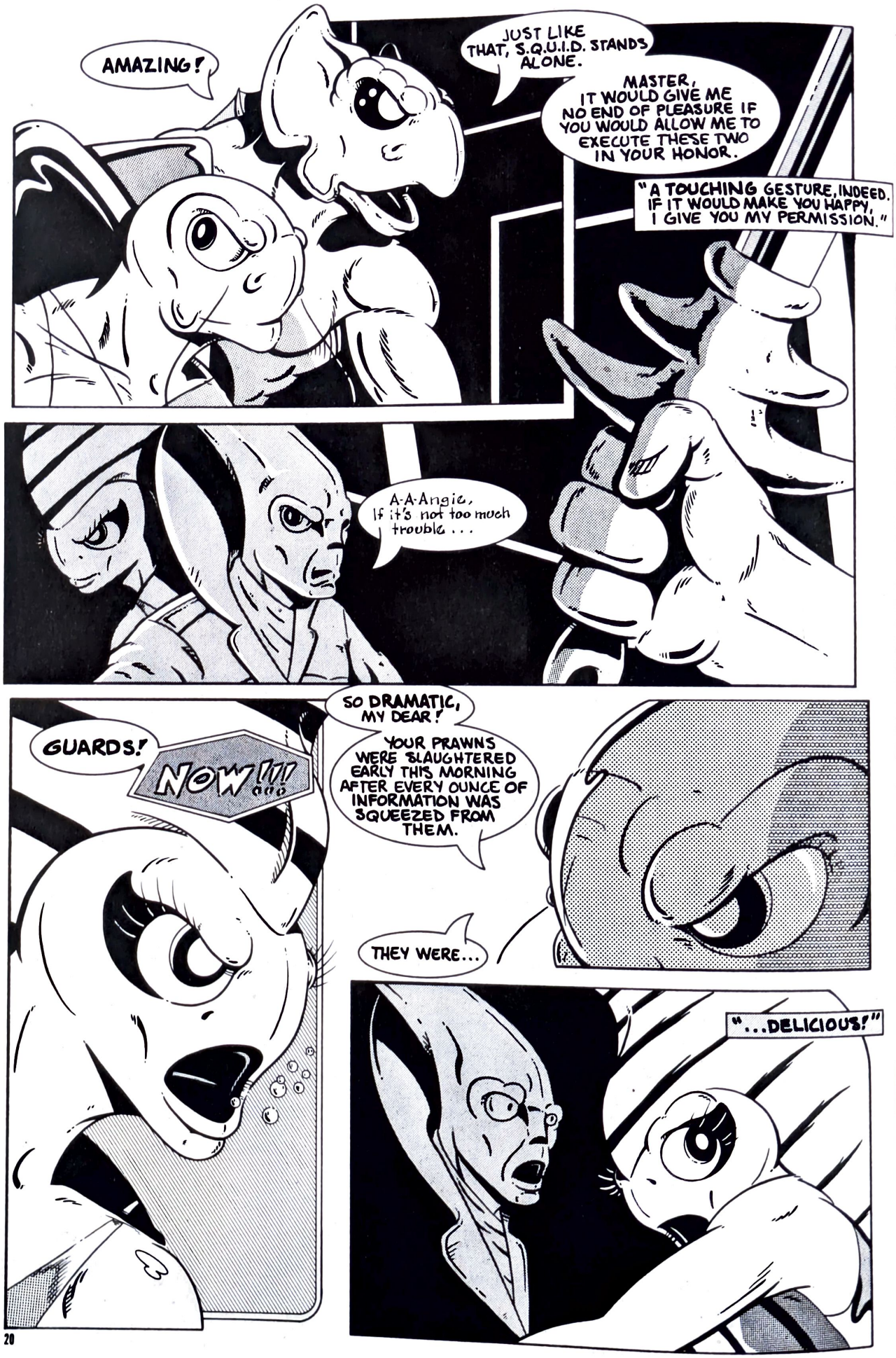

5.
WHAT?! LORD TETRA AND HALF OF S.H.A.R.K. ARE AT THE FISH POLICE BUILDING?! HE'S NEVER SEEN IN PUBLIC! WHY ISN'T ANYONE DOWN THERE?!!! DO I HAVE TO MAKE EVERY DECISION MYSELF?! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU KNUCKLEHEADS?! THIS IS NEWS, MAN!
BUT JED...
...BUT JED...
...BUT JED...
News!

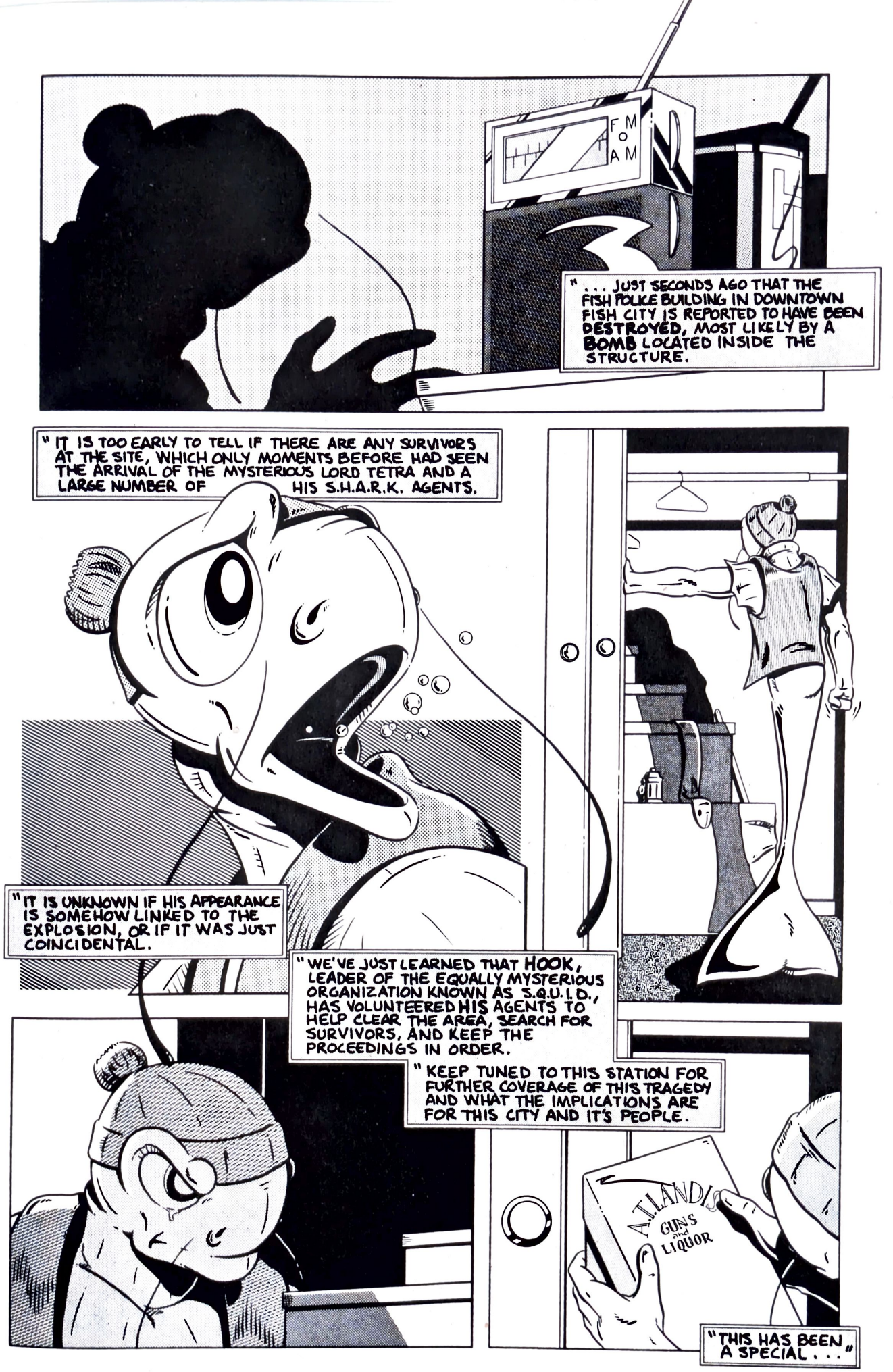

4.
Are you just going to stand there? If one of us creates a diversion, perhaps we can catch them off guard. We can still get out of this alive.
Did you honestly think I would trust Bragge completely?! By now, there should be at least twenty of my guards standing outside this door. Once the signal is given, we'll be out of here in seconds.
SILENCE! REMEMBER HOW MUCH THE GOOD DOCTOR VALUES HIS NECK.
HOW SLOWLY YOU WILL DIE, MY DEMON CONQUEROR!

3.
THIS IS THE PLACE: THE CORAL REEF APARTMENTS.
I HAVEN'T EVEN MOVED IN YET, AND ALREADY THIS ARRANGEMENT IS GETTING COMPLICATED.
THOUGH GOLDIE DIDN'T SEEM THE LEAST BIT SURPRISED WHEN I TOLD HER I THOUGHT GILL HAD A CRUSH ON HER. MAN, AS IF A GUY LIKE THAT HAS A CHANCE WITH A GAL LIKE GOLDIE.
SHEESH! IF I LOSE GOLDIE TO THAT LITTLE SHRIMP, I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE IT UP...
STILL, WOMEN DO HAVE A TENDENCY TO GO FOR THE LITTLE GUY. THE UNDERDOG. IT'S THAT... MATERNAL THING, I THINK.
... AND BECOME ONE OF THEM FUNNYBOYS!
KNOK KNOK
INSPECTOR? INSPECTOR, ARE YOU IN THERE? THIS IS BASS.


2.
I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO SEE IT, NOW.
YOU KILLED NINE INNOCENT POLICE OFFICERS TO MAKE THE THREAT ON THE CHIEF'S LIFE SEEM REAL, TO LURE TETRA TO THE STATION, IN ORDER TO KILL THE BOTH OF THEM...
... AND HUNDREDS OF COPS AND S.H.A.R.K. AGENTS IN THE PROCESS! INCREDIBLE!
BUT, MASTER, HOW DID YOU KNOW TETRA WOULD BRING SO MANY AGENTS WITH HIM?
ON THE FEW OCCASSIONS LORD TETRA LEAVES THE S.H.A.R.K. FORTRESS, HE ALWAYS BRINGS DOZENS OF AGENTS. IT'S A PUBLIC RELATIONS PLOY, TO MAKE HIS ORGANIZATION SEEM LESS MYSTERIOUS, AND MORE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.
1.
I KNEW HE WOULD COME, AND I KNEW HE WOULD BRING HIS MEN.
YOU MIGHT SAY-- S.H.A.R.K. HAS TAKEN THE BAIT.
AND, CLEVER ME, I ALSO HAVE A FEELING THIS WILL PUSH ONE SMALL POLICE INSPECTOR RIGHT OVER THE EDGE!
.59
.58
.5
Angie! Call your guards! Call them NOW!!! What are you waiting for?
Patience, Uncle. If Hook can do what he says, it would be to our advantage to allow him to finish his plan.
THIS IS THE "MADMAN" YOU WANTED TO DESTROY?!


POUNCEY! HAS ANYONE FIGURED OUT WHAT TETRA IS DOIN' IN THE CITY?
WELL, JED, AS FAR AS WE CAN TELL, HE—
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?
GREAT JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! SOMEBODY BLOWED IT UP!
HEY, JED! REMEMBER WHERE THE FISH POLICE BUILDING USED TO BE?
WHATT'YAMEAN "USED TO"?
WHATTABREAK! THE BIGGEST STORY OF THE YEAR AN' WE ALREADY HAVE EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CAM'RA ON THE SCENE!
ALRIGHT, PEOPLE, LET'S JUMP ALL OV'R THIS ONE! GET MOVIN'!!!


AMAZING!
JUST LIKE THAT, S.Q.U.I.D. STANDS ALONE.
MASTER, IT WOULD GIVE ME NO END OF PLEASURE IF YOU WOULD ALLOW ME TO EXECUTE THESE TWO IN YOUR HONOR.
"A TOUCHING GESTURE, INDEED. IF IT WOULD MAKE YOU HAPPY, I GIVE YOU MY PERMISSION."
A-A-Angie, If it's not too much trouble . . .
GUARDS!
NOW!!!
SO DRAMATIC, MY DEAR!
YOUR PRAWNS WERE SLAUGHTERED EARLY THIS MORNING AFTER EVERY OUNCE OF INFORMATION WAS SQUEEZED FROM THEM.
THEY WERE...
"...DELICIOUS!"


F M
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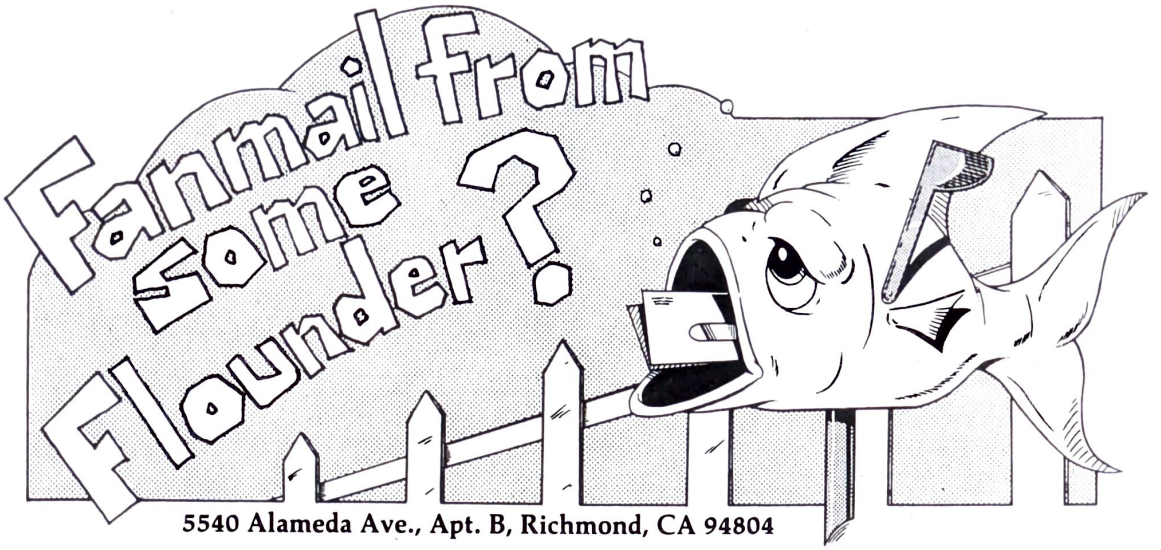
A M
" . . . JUST SECONDS AGO THAT THE FISH POLICE BUILDING IN DOWNTOWN FISH CITY IS REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN DESTROYED, MOST LIKELY BY A BOMB LOCATED INSIDE THE STRUCTURE.
" IT IS TOO EARLY TO TELL IF THERE ARE ANY SURVIVORS AT THE SITE, WHICH ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE HAD SEEN THE ARRIVAL OF THE MYSTERIOUS LORD TETRA AND A LARGE NUMBER OF HIS S.H.A.R.K. AGENTS.
" IT IS UNKNOWN IF HIS APPEARANCE IS SOMEHOW LINKED TO THE EXPLOSION, OR IF IT WAS JUST COINCIDENTAL.
" WE'VE JUST LEARNED THAT HOOK, LEADER OF THE EQUALLY MYSTERIOUS ORGANIZATION KNOWN AS S.Q.U.I.D., HAS VOLUNTEERED HIS AGENTS TO HELP CLEAR THE AREA, SEARCH FOR SURVIVORS, AND KEEP THE PROCEEDINGS IN ORDER.
" KEEP TUNED TO THIS STATION FOR FURTHER COVERAGE OF THIS TRAGEDY AND WHAT THE IMPLICATIONS ARE FOR THIS CITY AND IT'S PEOPLE.
A.T.LANDIS
GUNS and LIQUOR
" THIS HAS BEEN A SPECIAL . . . "

NEXT ISSUE:
INSPECTOR, IS THAT YOU?
ATLANTIS GUNS & LIQUOR
YOU KNOW, EVEN THOUGH YOU LEAVE YOUR BEER CANS ALL OVER THE PLACE AND YOUR BATHROOM IS REALLY DISGUSTING, I THINK THIS ARRANGEMENT WILL WORK OUT JUST FINE.
WHAT WAS THAT THEY WERE SAYING ON THE RADIO?
INSPECTOR?
SPORTS
SQUIDS BLOW SHARKS OUT OF THE WATER
UNDERGROUND



5540 Alameda Ave., Apt. B, Richmond, CA 94804

Hi everyone. Welcome to the letters section. But before we get started, I have to ask a question. The other day I was reading that **The Fish Police** was another **Cerebus**, but I didn't know what that meant.

Anyone out there know?

Dear Messrs. Moncuse and Nagy,

I don't know what "Fish Police is another Cerebus" means either, but the two books do have something in common. I mean, besides exquisitely clean artwork and refreshingly demented plotting. They're the only two titles I find worth reading consistently.

One big difference: it's Fish Police no. 4 I'm praising. This seems to be that rare phenomenon: a comic that knows what it's doing from the very beginning. Keep it up.

I have a few questions, though:

1) Do these fish live underwater? There seem to be a few indications that they do— fish hanging in mid-air, bubbles coming from Gill's mouth. On the other hand, there's the matter of Gill sitting in a "swimming pool". And the fact that most of these fish seem to have nostrils.

2) Has nobody ever heard of a scabbard? Do Gill and Hook **really** walk around with those swords unsheathed all the time?

3) I forgot what the third question was. it had something to do with Harlan Ellison, though.

Until then, I am,
yours in bubbles,

Wayne C. Myrvold
Somerville, MA

1) Sorry Wayne, I had my radio on too loud. Could you please repeat the question?

2) I'm sure SOMEBODY has heard of a scabbard. It's in the dictionary, isn't it? MY guess is that somebody, somewhere knows what a scabbard is.

But what the hell's a sheath?

3) You wanted to know if Harlan is writing the introduction to my Graphic Novel by Comico. Why, yes, he is. Thank you for asking.

Dear Steve,

Whaddya mean **Fish Police** is no longer "HOT"? Why, I just stole a copy, that makes it hot, don't it? Well, everyone in the comic business, fans too, knew it was gonna happen... B & W independents flooded the market and prices finally came down. It doesn't matter to me, because as long as Fish Police is being printed (and in such good quality) I'll buy it.

Now, let me talk to you about color. I seriously think it could be the "shot in the arm" Fish Police needs to stay afloat in these troubling comic book times. Yes, I think you should follow the example set by Aircel and others and switch from B & W to color. Think about it!

What I like about FP is that every main character has a different, distinctive look. And the pages aren't full of crap. As far as I'm concerned, it's still hot.

Add color.

Aquatically yours,

Tim Turcotte
Seabrook, NH

My pages used to be full of crap, Tim, but my printer complained that they were REALLY messing up his machinery!

Tim Turcotte, Ladies and Gentlemen! My nomination for "Straight-Man-of-the-Year"!!!

Hi Steve,

It's me again. You know, the only person in America who missed the score of the big game. Well, I got Fish Police #7 today and not wanting to overlook any detail I read it one panel at a time. Took the better part of an hour, but I made it. I tell ya Steve, it got pretty scary there at the end. My eyes started to blur and I began to hallucinate. Maybe it was the magnifying glass, but I digress.

The real reason I'm writing is that I've figured out Gill's secret. Gill only thinks he's a fish. Y'see its real simple. Gill's just having a drunken nightmare. Sound good so far? He's really face down in a bowl of Doritos at a party somewhere in Cleveland. How's that? I knew you'd like it. Bring on the Dancing Fish!

Till next time,

Kevin Van Noy
Orange Park, FL

Drunken nightmares? In a bowl of Doritos? Face down? Gee, that's how I get my story ideas. (Tim's got some serious competition here!)

But I'll tell ya', Kevin, it'll take a lot more than half-naked dancing fish to get ME to Cleveland. Brrrr....

Hey Steve—

When are you gonna make **me** an inductee into the Fishwrap Hall of Fame??!

Elvis "Who the Hell's Bubba?" Orten
Dawson Springs, KY

NEVER, Elvis. You swear too damn much.

Steve,

Gill didn't drink at all in issue seven. Hey, I pay good money for this comic, and I expect to see some drinking. Next thing you know, Gill will know what he's doing... or where he is... or who he is.

T. E. Pouncey seems a professional from his letter. I wish I could say the same, but after any Demolition Drinking I usually have enough trouble remembering who's won, let alone any tricks used. We have a quaint custom in this country, whereby the contest is held on rental ground (or two, or three, or...), and at the end of the evening he who can find the way home is declared the winner. (I once missed my house by a couple of miles.)

So, Fish Police is no longer hot, eh? Damn. Those fifteen copies in a safety deposit box in Geneva won't ensure my liquidity for life. Maybe now I'll actually SEE a copy of number two (the earliest I ever saw in this country was number three, and I only saw that once. Luckily I bought it. I think proper distribution started with number four.) No doubt it will still be too expensive to buy.

I loved the scene in the gun shop. How wonderful it must be for you to live in a country where anyone can wander into a shop and buy a gun. (Sarcasm will get you nowhere people tell me, but what do they know?) Looking forward to the next issue, and maybe an explanation of how fish drink beer underwater,

The Woeful Maverick
London, England

While it's true there hasn't been a lot of drinking in F.P., lately, I think I've more than made up for it with loads of excessive sex and violence. I'm nothing, if not sensitive to my readers' needs.

But listen, buddy, you can't just walk into any store in this country and buy a gun. You have to show them your driver's license!

STUPID FISHWRAP CONTEST #2

T. E. Pouncey and T. M. Maple are in a fierce competition to see who's the funniest guy in the world, with the first initial "T".

The swimsuit competition was held earlier this week, and it's something I **really** don't want to talk about.

And now, my little Flounders, you get to pick "Mr. T, 1987"!

Gentlemen, make us laugh...

Dear Steve,

The war between S.H.A.R.K. and S.Q.U.I.D. seems to be heating up with the Fish Police (in general) and Gill (in particular) caught in the middle of a twisted, ugly, painful, violent, and somewhat confusing war.

Since most of Gill's partners seem to have the life expectancy of fire sale lawn furniture, it's time for the **FP** to go on the attack. I suggest the chief press all his temporary office receptionists into an elite attack force. The receptionist seems tougher than the average cop and might even make a match for Goldfish. (in fact, the guy is so mean I suspect he is a double agent for S.Q.U.I.D. — a statement you may disregard if you've already worked that into a future sub-plot and don't want to spill the beans just yet).

By the way, you can add Lord Tetra to the list of characters in this comic whose motives I don't trust — which brings the grand total up to about 15 by now. I think your comic book is making me paranoid. In fact, I'm **sure** your comic book is making me paranoid. If you are responsible for the further deterioration of my personality I'll bet my Mommy slaps you with a law-suit, makes you put a rating guide on every cover, and starts a support group to have your comics banned. I shudder to think what **your** Mommy will do when she finds out you're printing **Fish Police.** Do your parents know what you do for a living, young man!!???! Getting back to the letter...

I am anxious to see the **FP** making massive retaliations against S.Q.U.I.D. and S.H.A.R.K. for the humiliation they've heaped on the **FP** in recent issues. Its time they went on the offensive and took no prisoners. These guys have been kicked around long enough.

One final thing... I think the concept of "Guns and Liquor" as a neighborhood store is terrific. I think you should take the millions you've made from doing this comic and set up a franchise chain. I'm sure I'm not the only Fish Police reader who would enjoy having a "Guns and Liquor" store next to the place I regularly buy my comics. Set up a "Guns and Liquor" next to every comic book shop in America and I'm sure you'll make a killing.

Sincerely,

T. E. Pouncey
Wichita, KS

Dear Fish-type people,

Just my luck! I decide to finally take a chance and pick up my first issue of THE FISH POLICE (#7) and what's the first thing that I read?! That it's no longer "HOT"! What's the point in buying it, then?! I mean, I govern my life by the Overstreet Principle, so what the heck am I doing wasting my time with a tepid title? It's too bad, though. The extra-thick mylar snug was all ready for the issue. But no, cheapo plastic will do now. And no trip to the famous Comics Storage Room in the Fortress of Mapletude, either! TFP will never know the comfort of the specially-constructed cryogenic vault, the gentle hiss of the hermetic seal, I *choke!*—it breaks me up just **thinking** about it! Okay, okay, call me a softy, call me a mush-hearted romantic, but I'll read the darn thing **anyway...**

(One reading session later...) I'm confused. I mean, it was a nice story and all, but I had trouble fitting everything in place. Gill used to have legs?! (Or, more to the point, I guess— feet?) And just what is the setup here? Are these things supposed to be taking place underwater? (I don't see how **else** the fish-people could get around!) But, if so, why does it look pretty much like our surface world? Maybe a text recap and backgrounder would be in order...

Otherwise it was a good enjoyable story. And humorous too. Judging from just one issue, it's hard to say which style predominates, but for now you maintained a good balance. Still, I was a bit confused. (Of course, missing the first part of the story, in the previous issue, didn't help any, I know!)

All in all, I'd be back next issue— if only this was a hot mag! I mean, how can I justify buying a comic book just because I **like** it?! Talk about your flimsy reasoning! If everybody bought just the comic books that they actually **liked** we'd have a well-adjusted, diverse comic book field, and where would that leave honest, um, investors like myself? Nowhere, that's where! So let's dispense with such goofy thoughts, okay?

And, of course, it wasn't fair of you to rub in the fact that TFP #1 has been worth $40 American! (Which is about eleventy-hundred dollars Canadian, at current exchange rates, I believe.)

So, no, I won't be back next issue, much as I might want to be. I just can't do it. Why, even now I'm kicking myself for the money I blew on TFP #7. Why, I could have spent it on the first issue of SEXY SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD SUPER-BABES! Now, **that** would be an **investment!** (Trust me.)

Yours truly,
"Monetary Maple"
(My motto: Comics or cookie jars, as long as there's money in it, I collect it!)

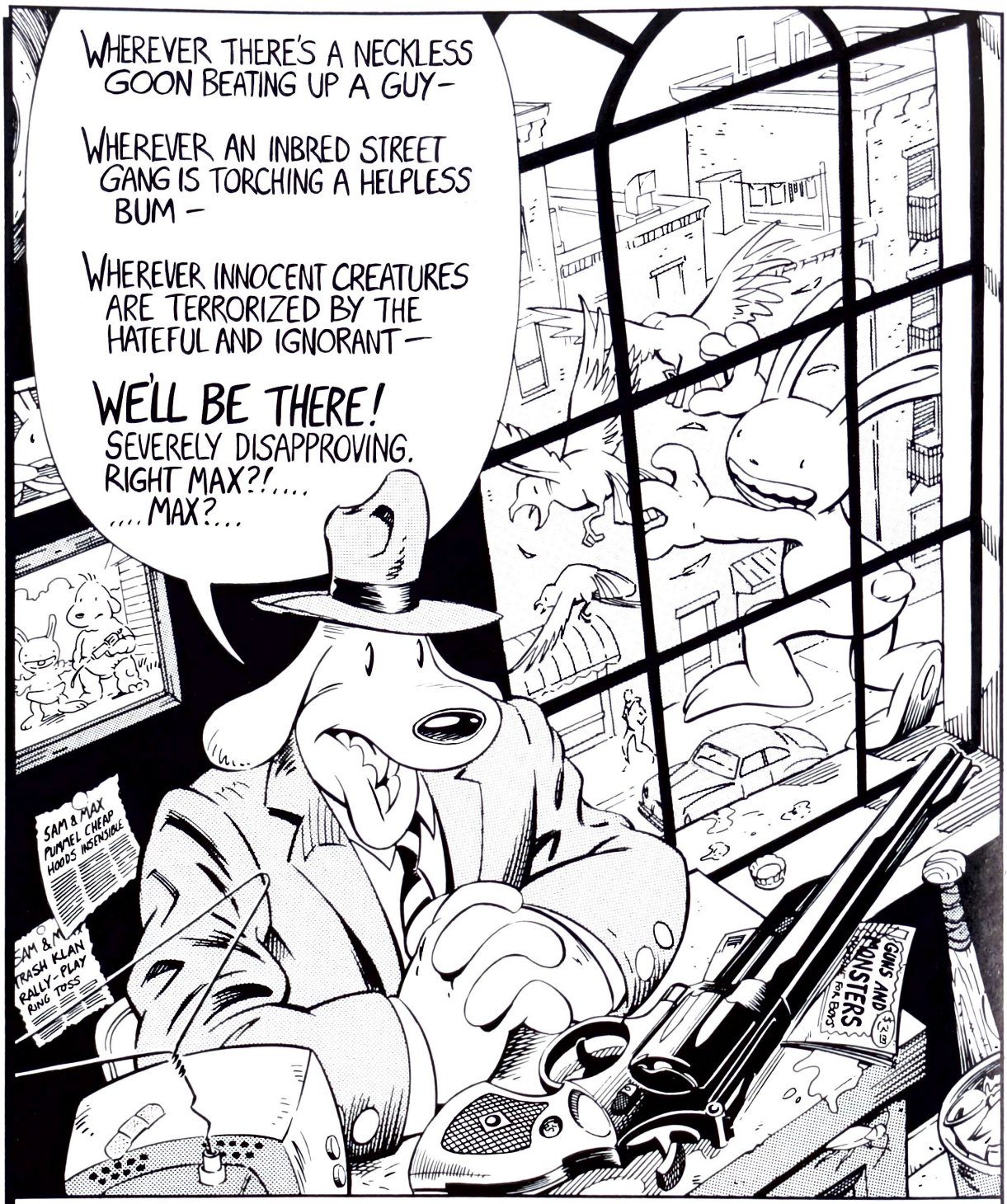
T. M. Maple
Weston, Ontario
Canada

Well, by golly, that was sure fun. Who do YOU think won? Please cast your votes ASAP.

And kids, remember, these guys are pros. Don't try to be funny if you haven't had the proper training. That's how THE FISH POLICE got started, and we certainly don't need any more of that kind of nonsense.

See you in sixty... or less.

AU REVOIR ANGELFISH


WHEREVER THERE'S A NECKLESS GOON BEATING UP A GUY-
WHEREVER AN INBRED STREET GANG IS TORCHING A HELPLESS BUM -
WHEREVER INNOCENT CREATURES ARE TERRORIZED BY THE HATEFUL AND IGNORANT-
WE'LL BE THERE!
SEVERELY DISAPPROVING.
RIGHT MAX?!....
....MAX?...
SAM & MAX PUMMEL CHEAP HOODS INSENSIBLE
SAM & M TRASH KLAN RALLY - PLAY RING TOSS
GUNS AND MONSTERS

SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE

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